THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

Vol. X — No. 2

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

(PUBLISHED ONCE IN TWO MONTHS)

Editor: Mrs. K. Satthianadhan, M.A.,

THE Indian Ladies' Magazine was started in 1901, discontinued in 1918 and republished in 1927. It is the main purpose of the *Magazine* to help forward the cause of women's education in India, partly by representing and interpreting the inner life of Indian womanhood as a whole; partly by making itself a mouthpiece for the aspirations of the educated section, in whom our chief hope lies; partly by bringing forward the example of the social, literary and philanthropic work of women of the West; and partly by holding up the ancient ideals of Indian womanhood, which are true and generous enough to be applied in many instances to modern life. It is hoped, therefore, that the I. L. M. will prove a bond of union, not only among the different sections of the women of India, but also between the men and women of India, and between Indian women and their foreign sisters.

While fully conscious of the imperfections of the Indian Ladies' Magazine, we hope that the public will help us to tackle the present situation. We shall be most happy to receive suggestions, and we hope that our journal will have the generous support of all well-wishers of India. We shall welcome articles and pictures of interest, as well as suggestions for improving the Magazine.

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THE

INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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The Offering

HOW have I longed to offer at Your feet
A priceless offering! Yet what offering meet
Can I find in the vale of passing years ?
Days pass by swiftly, still can I not discover
The offering. If, like that flowering crimson rose,
With dew-pearl drops, like hope upon remorse,
Dancing on th' petals, I can cull for you
An offering, I'll be satisfied. To greet
You, I have but one offering poor but true :-
My broken heart, a red rose, and my tears,
The star-drops dancing on the sky so blue,
My love like perfume dwelling in the cover
Of sorrow, and my flesh the thorns all over.
Oh, will You accept from me such a flower ?

Susi P. David.

A TENT-MAKER AND HIS POEM

BY I. D. TANGASWAMI

WITHIN a decade of the publication of Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*," the reading public of England was treated by Edward Fitzgerald to a poem not less remarkable. For a time, this was "thrown down into the rubble of the second-hand book-box (price one penny), as a thing too insignificant for notice." But it was destined to acquire soon after so much significance that it is considered not altogether rash to prophesy that, in the hundredth year of its existence which will be twenty-three years from now, its fame will be found greater than Tennyson's masterpiece.

Fitzgerald was too bold for the age he lived in. It was a church-going age, as yet little disturbed by the scepticism which characterised the later Victorian era. His poem, which was a paraphrase of a Persian poem composed in the eleventh century A.D., threw down a challenge to the theologians of the day, who ran down the flesh and exalted the spirit. The paraphrase was so free that it read like a work independent of the original.

The original poem was composed by Omar, a tent-maker and was entitled "*Rubaiyat.*" After the manner of Persian poets, who derived their names from their professions, Omar was known as Omar Khayyam, Khayyam signifying a tent-maker. He was one of the three who, in the latter half of the eleventh century, sat at the feet of the Imam Mowaffak of Naishapur, one of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassan, a man highly honoured and reverenced. The two other pupils were Hasan al Sabah and Nizamulmulk. All the three were gifted by Nature with sharpness of wit and high powers. When the Imam rose from his lectures, they joined together and repeated to each other the lessons they had learned. So close was their friendship with one another that they vowed that, if any of them became more fortunate than the others, his fortune should be shared equally among them. It was then a universal belief that the pupils of the Imam Mowaffak always attained prosperity in life, and these three young pupils were certain that, if all of them did not attain thereto, at least one of them would.

Years rolled on. After some years of wandering, Nizamulmulk returned to Khorassan and obtained high office. He subsequently rose to be the Vizier, the Chief administrator of affairs under the Sultan. Hasan and Omar found him out and, coming to him, shared a claim in his fortune, according to the vow made in their school-days. Nizamulmulk was generous enough to respect the vow. Hasan demanded a place in the Government and the Vizier persuaded the Sultan to grant the demand. Unlike Hasan, Omar asked for neither title nor office. "The greatest boon you can confer on me", he said, "is to let me live in a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread wide the advantages of Science and pray for your long life and prosperity." The request appeared very strange to Nizamulmulk. But, convinced of Omar's sincerity, he granted him an adequate amount of gold as a yearly pension. Straight in thought and frank in expression, Omar raised many enemies against him among the religious teachers of his day. In framing his views on Man and Destiny, he wove no cobwebs of metaphysics like his contemporaries.

Although Fitzgerald took great liberties with the original poem in rendering it to English readers, he was careful enough to preserve its form and spirit. He presented Omar's outlook on life with unimpaired beauty. Lovers of English literature have done everything possible with his paraphrase. Many lines of it have been committed to

memory and ostentatiously quoted in utterances, public and private. Out of it has been framed a philosophy of life which finds favour with many intellects today. Orthodoxy will no doubt be shocked by the *Call* contained in:—

"Oh, come with old Khayyam and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower, that once has blown, for ever dies."

"Ah, fill the cup:—What boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday,
Why fret about them if To-day be sweet."

But even *Orthodoxy* should admit the reasonableness of the distress expressed in:-

"Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great Argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went."

Those, who love allegories attempt to read mystic meanings into the *cup* and other material delights strewn in the poem. But Fitzgerald himself confessed to more difficulty in its allegorical, than in its literal, interpretation. One commentator finds depressing materialism in the poem and prescribes Browning's "*Rabbi Ben Ezra*" as a corrective. But those, who refuse to admit that the poem advocates a robust enjoyment of life without troubling the mind with incomprehensible questions, may well be referred to the advice of the Preacher in the *Book of books*:—

"Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works. Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment. Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the Sun all the days of thy vanity; for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labour which thou takest under the Sun."

Ancient Wisdom

CLIMB into the hills,
all is rare up there
and wisdom is revealed
in quiet places.
I think God made the valleys
for the children
and the mountains
for men,
but mountain paths are steep
and we are young.

Chaos

THESE misshapen gods threaten us,
casting their shadows on time,
and crooked souls crawl past.
afraid of death,
that glowers like eyes of hell
into their consciousness,
but time's perfection laughing
flings its memories to the dust.

—*Evelyn Porter.*

VEMANA AND HIS POETRY

BY M. C. KAVULUTLAYYA

NO one has ever known actually the village and century in which Vemana, the poet, was born. Different authors hold different opinions. But I shall confine myself to his works.

There are many men in the world, who try to win happiness without effort, but Vemana was not such a man. He exercised his intellectual powers and consciously reached for truth, which was ever his guiding principle. Whenever any person made a mistake, he was in the habit of going straight to the offender and accusing him to his very face. Whatever ideas he had in his mind, however insignificant they were, he revealed to the public. He was a practical man. In his outbursts of scorn, however, there was a spark of laughter. Poets, like Sreenatha and Vemulabada Bhimakavi, wrote satire, but there was a tinge of selfishness in it. Vemana, imbued with a spirit of self-sacrifice, wrote poetry.

The impulse of religion was deeply ingrained in his heart. He was a Monotheist, in proof of which I quote the following lines :

"There are several cows of varying colour, but the milk of all the cows is white. Similarly, in whatever form, shape or structure God appears, He is only one."

Vemana asked us always to develop a sense of love and regard for God :

"Visiting the temple, offering prayer to God, and receiving *Prasadam* in return are only dogmatic conventions. What is essential is only implicit faith in God."

"There is absolutely no use in bathing either in the Ganges or the Godavari. Sincere prayer is required."

From such quotations, we see that Vemana was more a social reformer than a poet. His object of poetry was only to reveal to the public the shattered structure of society and expose its faults. He violently denounced, for instance, the melancholy pleasures of rich people as follows, and exposed the miser's greed :

"Riches lead to miserliness. In order to kill a miser, there is no medicine in the world than to approach him for money."

"When a man dies in the house of a miser, he reluctantly spends large sums for the performance of funeral rites and weeps afterwards for the unnecessary expenditure he has incurred."

He always denounced the proud and the arrogant :

"Those, who boast of their educational qualifications, academic distinctions, racial superiorities and moral ascendencies, are only victims of slavery."

He strongly criticised modern poets in their presumption :

"A dog takes delight in kicking off the rows of plates placed on the table, but it cannot arrange them again in proper order. Likewise the modern poet, ignorant of the fact that, to criticise is ever easier than to create, jeers at the ancient poet, for his unnatural phrases and idioms."

Vemana despised the life of a family-man :

"Why should we marry and give birth to children ? Family-life is very troublesome. It is only due to the total ignorance of the man. Why should everybody lift the stone on the floor to his shoulder and then weep?"

Vemana therefore appreciated a life of renunciation rather than of romance and love. Some of his remarks about the love-hungered are as follows :

"He, who discards his friends and relatives for the sake of love and acts to the word of his sweetheart, must be a fool. He will be similar to the man, who tries to

cross the Godavari, with the help of a dog's tail."

In another beautiful verse, he denounced the endless disputes that arise in every home:

"The stone in the shoe, the fly in the ear, the dust in the eye can be aptly compared to the petty disputes that arise in our houses."

Vemana liked a life, free from the bustle and turmoil of a city. He ordered us to

"Renounce education, wife and everything. Those, who are free from the clutches of love, greed and desire, are holy."

He advocated that forgiveness was the noblest revenge:

"When our deadliest foe, who deserves to be murdered, is caught, the best way to wreak vengeance upon him is only to teach a good lesson and then set him free."

As regards his poetry, to my mind, there are not many poets, who can excel him in depth of thought, sentiment and feeling. His simple lucid style singled him out as a distinguished scholar. His language was such that even a layman could read and assimilate the matter well. The close relationship between commonfolk and his poetry made him great and popular. Whatever he wrote, he wrote for the poor and humble classes. Nature, it appears to me, had no effect upon Vemana. The murmuring river, the rolling cloud, the flock of sheep that leisurely pass by, the carol of the cuckoo, the screech of the owl—not one of these inspired him. Yet, his poetry pulsated with transparent simplicity and exquisite grandeur, rollicked with subtle humour, penetrating thought and creative originality. His ideals and aspirations, in fact, remind us sometimes of Addison, the great Essayist; his object, as Lang remarked of Addison, being "to strip off the mask of vice, to show its ugliness and deformity, but to reveal virtue in its own native loveliness."

(The author acknowledges his gratitude to R. Anantha Krishna Sarma for his book on VEMANA.)

He alone can be said to restrain his anger, who restrains it where it can easily vent itself: where his anger cannot show itself, what avails whether he can restrain it or not?

* * *

A pleasant smile and sweet words are better far than even giving with a cheerful mind.

* * *

When pleasant words there are, unpleasant words to speak is even like discording ripe fruit at hand for seeking unripe ones.

—From the *Thirukural.*

"I do not wish you lots of wealth,
In nineteen thirty-seven;
I do not wish you coronets,
Or jewels or silver plate;
I only wish that all you want,
Whenever you desire it,
Shall be forthcoming on the spot,
The moment you require it."

T. A. W. P.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

(For pictures see front cover page)

By Sheikh Iftekhar Rasool

'WINTER it carries upon its head, spring upon its shoulders, and summer lies prostrate at its feet.'

Such is an Arab poet's description of Lebanon, the venerable, the beautiful, the famed in song. It is a description of perfect accuracy, for, at the foot of Lebanon, between its lower slopes and the always blue sea, the very personification of lovely, luxuriant summer, lies the pretty modern town of Beyrouth, a crescent of white in its encircling fruit and flower gardens.

Above the town, up the slopes of the mountain, are the villas, with cool, shady palms, where the wealthier citizens come to seek spring-like freshness in the warmest months. Towering high over all the peaks, snow-covered even in May, sending down clear, icy cascades to freshen the gardens below; a magnificent mountain, Lebanon, but how much greater must have been its magnificence before the greed of the conquering nations robbed it of its treasures, its cedar trees!

There are three varieties of cedars: the *Cedrus Deodara* of Tibet and the lower Himalayan slopes, the *Cedrus Atlantica*, that ornament of the Atlas range, and the *Cedrus Libani*, the glory and the curse of Lebanon, celebrated in the *Song of Solomon*, fought for by the great races of antiquity, until of the tall, proud trees only twenty-seven remain, under the pious care of Maronite monks, twelve of the twenty-seven veterans of nearly three thousand years.

What scenes their calm dignity has looked down upon! Horrors of war, toiling of slave armies, pomp of imperial hunts, and industry of Phoenician merchants!

The Phoenicians were the first to make the axe ring in the great Lebanon forests, and they knew how to make the most of their treasure. The cedars they felled were built into beautiful villas for the rich traders, and into boats to carry merchandise overseas, ships and houses which would last unrotted though many centuries. And on these ships the first great travellers and geographers carried their famous dye-stuffs, cloths, embroideries, and scents to the far coasts.

It was they, who gave us the first knowledge of charts and the science of sailing by charts, the first money and the first alphabet. Hieroglyphics there had been, but they were clumsy. The Phoenicians, occupied with a clear and concise means of keeping their books and business records, were the first to create an alphabet as we understand it. In all these civilising enterprises, the cedars played their part.

Soon other nations heard of the cedars and coveted them. Why buy when they could conquer and take? The Phoenicians were not a warlike people, and their narrow strip of fertile land between the sea and the mountains was a natural road for armies from Asia to Africa, from Africa to Asia. Many have been the conquerors who have done their will with Syria.

The Egyptians and the Chaldeans were the first to discover the desirability of having a navy of cedar ships, of having cedar roofs and columns in their temples and palaces. Then came the Babylonians and the Jews. David, when he found Jerusalem and conceived the project of building himself a palace there, sent to Hiram, King of Tyre, for architects, sculptors, and cedar wood. When the royal residence was finished, David was proud of it, saying to the prophet Nathan, 'Here I live in a house of cedar.'

King Hiram also built a palace for Solomon, using cedar so lavishly that it was called 'The House of the Cedar of Lebanon.' Much cedar was also used in the construction of the Temple, and each time it was rebuilt, until its final downfall after Christ prophesied its destruction, Lebanon cedar was used in its decoration.

Babylon, Ninevah, Karnak, Jerusalem, all looked to Lebanon for the luxury of their decorations. First they bought; then, tired of buying, they conquered and took. Cuneiform incriptions tell us how proud the kings were to have crossed the heights of Lebanon and to have cut its trees. Sennacherib tells us that, after having invaded Phoenicia, 'With the multitude of my chariots I crossed the summits of the mountains and penetrated into the depths of Lebanon. I shall cut its highest cedars and its highest cypresses. I shall reach its furthest peaks and its forest like a pleasure garden.'

A pleasure garden it became to many of the conquering monarchs. They built palaces on the heights, and hunted in the forests, which were filled with lions and other wild beasts. Killing them was a highly meritorious sport, so every monarch, wishing to be admired by his subjects and honoured by posterity, chased lions in Lebanon, and had the great kills chronicled on stone by sculptors.

One relief of a Lebanon hunt shows us Sennacherib, King of Assyria, chasing lions, the struggle with the wounded, ferocious beast, its death, and the triumphal return of the ruler, with the following inscription beneath, 'I, Sennacherib, King of the Legions, King of the Land of Assour and Beltis, I have killed seven lions; I have extended over them the powerful bow of Ishtar, Mistress of Battles; I have made an offering upon them, and I have poured wine over them.'

After these ancient conquerors of Syria, came the Seleucides, and then the Romans made it a province of their empire. Charmed with the climate, many citizens left Italy to install themselves in Phoenicia. Certain cities enjoyed great privileges. The inhabitants had the title of *Roman* citizen, and lived in the refinement and luxury of the homeland.

Then came Constantine, the Christian zealot, destroying the temples and images of Baal and erecting Christian churches. Later still, came the sturdy group of Christians, the Maronites, who could wield the sword and say their prayers with equal facility. They were able to hold their own for many generations, until the little country was once more a battlefield. Then, the precious trees became a prize disputed between the Caliphs and the Crusaders, and, as time passed, fell into the hands of the Mamelukes and then the Turks, who kept possession, until the French were awarded the mandate of Syria at the end of the World War. This was an event welcomed as a blessing by the peaceful people of the coast, but hotly resented by the Druses, the handsome and energetic tribes of the interior.

Full of vitality, the cedars grow and resist all tempests. What scenes will their plume-like branches shadow in the future? That is a question which the observant traveller in Syria today must ask himself. It has always been a stage, upon which drama has been played, but it may be that the drama has played itself out, and that the peace-loving folk of the coast will have the tranquility for which they long, and which France is trying to give them.

"CHILD MENTALITY"

By Srimati B. Lakshmi Subba Rao

" The children of to-day are the citizens of tomorrow."

WE often hear and read of the great trouble parents are now-a-days taking to rear children in all civilized countries. Mothers, specially educated mothers, are having better opportunities for their babies to-day than of old. We, in India, have not yet either good schools for the training of our young mothers, or homes to foster children in, so that they may make a success of life from the psychological standpoint. The majority of Indian women lack the essential element of life which is self-respect, and depend too much on others. We have to banish narrow-mindedness and create sympathy and understanding. The first teacher of a child is his mother ; hence she must be capable of bringing him up to form a good character with high ideals. " Mothers make a nation."

Our existence consists of three different phases :— Childhood, youth and age, each having its own hygiene, mental and physical. Undoubtedly, childhood is the most important and least known phase of life. The problem of childhood, is the problem of its training, specially the mentality. It requires deep understanding, care, and experience. We must realize that the foundations of character are laid in infancy. We must understand our children's varied temperaments.

Children of the same family vary very much in temperament, instinct, and development. They cannot be treated alike. The desire of the heart is for freedom. But, how few of us realize that dream ! In the process of educating our children, we try, as a general rule, to do something contrary to the laws of nature. A child's temperament is often dependent on its heredity. There are family traits and each race has its own special features. Also general health, the digestive organs, the nervous system, and the climatic circumstances it is surrounded with, have an affect on the child's mentality. Diseases of tonsils, teeth and so forth also upset the " ductless glands ", through which the child suffers irreparable damage, if neglected.

The natural law of growth is that the child must develop according to its own instincts and faculties. Parents, teachers, and all who deliberately try to educate the child, are often its greatest obstacles to reckon with. Most children will be on the progressive march, if left alone to themselves as much as possible. This does not mean complete neglect. They must be closely watched, unseen and without their knowledge. Every mother ought to detect her child's abnormalities and specialized talents. The child absorbs to a great extent the atmosphere which surrounds it.

The first child in the family is apt to be spoilt and seems difficult to adjust when the second baby arrives on the scene. At this juncture, the tactful parent will take care not to let the old baby be pushed back, but let him help with the new one. The only child has a very difficult environment. He is isolated in a world of grown-ups and is in danger of being spoiled and petted. Parents, who are determined not to spoil, make their children over-disciplined. Such children should never be allowed to have the sense that they are over-valued. There is also the question of rivalry between children. The girl feels inferior to a boy, especially if the family is one of rank or wealth. The boy is made to feel superior and is often ' fussed ' about, for he will carry the rank or wealth later on.

Every parent has a favourite among the children. The child, that reacts to the same personal likes and distastes, and who has the same emotions, is in sympathy with its

parent. This erroneous attitude is not to be let out to the other children's knowledge, for they will feel it. The parents themselves must be on sociable terms with each other and their misunderstandings should never be shewn to their children. If the family atmosphere is unhappy, it leads to the child's mistrust and inquisitive questioning. Criticisms should never be heard by children. They suffer, if brought up in an atmosphere of sneers. Ridicule, especially applied to youngsters, has disastrous effects.

Some infants develop great fear for some special objects which are in themselves quite harmless, like a fur, or some noisy toy. Again, they develop an extreme fondness or intense hatred for special persons. These symptoms gain strength step by step unless some favourable means counteract them. The child seldom confides his fears of his own accord to a grown-up person. To conceal the fear of his fault being openly told, he may frequently invent excuses and hence gain a reputation for deceitfulness. In this case, the parent will often feel the absence of straight-forwardness in the child, and guess his reasons to be untrue, but he is not aware of the underlying fear of the child. Severe scolding should never be stepped into. In nervous children it causes stammering. The best way to help a difficult child to become reconciled to life is to give love and sympathy, even while discipline should not be neglected; the child indeed should be trained from the start.

The parent must give up constant supervising of the child. Parents, who are over-sensitive, loving and tender, at the same time wishing to keep the child's entire affection for themselves, will, through this over-affection, prevent the child ever becoming free of them to lead a normal adult life. The mother, who cannot let her children venture away from her loving sheltered home, is placing a serious block in the way of the child's future independence. The many neurotic persons we come across, who complain always of trouble and who are unable to live happily, are the result of bad and neglected training in infancy. The ignorance and lack of psychological knowledge in the child's relations to the family on the part of mothers is also responsible for neurosis.

Parents of young children have a clear duty to work in harmony with the children they have brought into the world. So far, we have discussed some of the striking ways in which children express themselves, but there are many others besides, less easy to recognise.

The greatest love is that which trains wisely, in order that the tender being may grow on every side and have no limitation of its individual interests; that it may develop not only beauty of disposition and character, but also a perfect state of physical health and beauty, thus to become a joy and not a menace to the life of others.

(For more reference on the subject, interested readers may read Bertrand Russels *on Education* and other books on the *Montessori* system of training.)

"Look, Brian," she said. "One moo-cow is rubbing his nose on the wire fence." The little two-year-old looked shocked.
"Why, where's moo-cow's hankie, mummy?" he exclaimed.

* * *

David, aged five, had just come home from hospital and, before he left, the sister told me to keep him on a light diet for a few weeks.
When we arrived home, he suddenly burst out with:
"Mummy, when will I be able to have a *dark* diet?"

From *Wife and Home*.

GIRLS' EDUCATION IN ENGLAND

MISS Jyotiprabha Das Gupta gives some interesting and useful impressions of Girls' education in England, in *The Modern Review*. She says that the old-fashioned idea that the education of girls should only consist of Drawing, Dancing and Deportment, is now nearly extinct. "In modern education", she remarks, "the most remarkable development has been the foundation of public schools for girls. In these schools, the tone of education is healthier, more independent, more productive of self-reliant judgment than in their forebears of 50 years back." The range of teaching in these schools is almost the same as that obtaining in a boys' public school. Study hours are from 9 A.M., to 1 P.M., and the rest of the time is devoted to callisthenics, music, drawing, arts and crafts. High school education for girls is on a level with that for boys. "The change which has come over the life of women is chiefly due to their education. Physical health and strength of character are cultivated. The girls are modern and proud of their modernity. They laugh at the blushes and fainting fits of their grand-mothers."

Elementary Education from five to fourteen years is compulsory and free for both sexes. Schools are divided into Primary and Post-Primary. The Primary has three parts—"nursery," "infant" and "junior elementary".

Nursery Schools are now 65 in number in England and Wales, with over 5,000 children of ages between 2 and 5. They are mainly the children of mothers who go to work. The babies are brought at 8-30 A.M., and left till about 4 P.M. The curriculum is about the same in most Nursery schools. The children are made to say *Grace* and take their milk at 10 A.M. The milk is distributed by the children themselves. They are then taken to the garden for two hours, and left to do what they like—with only a supervisor watching them. At 12, they have their lunch, before which they wash. "Each child has his or her own towel and tooth-brush. It is useless to write their names on their towel, because some of them are so young that they cannot read even their own names. So, different pictures (horses, cats, birds, etc.) are struck over the pegs from which their towels hang. Each child knows his own picture and never makes a mistake." The midday meal is a good one. Then, the children sleep. "This routine is followed in most schools, with slight variations here and there."

Infant Schools: After five, no child is allowed to stay in the nursery school; but has to go to the infant school where it stays till it is about 8. Taking the *Sigdon Road* school as an example, there are eight classes with about 36 or 40 children in each. The unhealthy children have an open air class. School hours are from 9 A.M., till 4 P.M., with three breaks. It is a day school, and for lunch everyone goes home. From 2 P.M., the children play or devote the hour to hand-work, and lessons are taught in the morning. "The teachers try to make the lessons as concrete as possible. It is neither purely a Froebelian Kindergarten, nor a Montessori Institution. The teachers try to apply the best points of the two."

Work in classes is more individual than collective, and exercises in drill have some meaning, which makes them very interesting, such as birds in their nests waking to fly, and other interesting similes.

Junior Eelementary Schools are either co-educational or not. The first two classes of Primary Schools are however always mixed. Some have different departments for boys and girls in the same building, with friendly relations existing between the two.

"The work done at the *L. C. C. Old Oak School* stands out. It has a mixed junior department, the number of children, both boys and girls, being 500. The whole junior school has been divided into *three streams—the slow, the normal and the fast*. A child can be transferred from a slow group to the normal group, or a child of the normal group to the fast group, if he or she appears likely to benefit by the change. This order can also be reversed, that is, the teacher can remove a child from the class of the fast group to that of the normal or from that of the normal to that of the slow. There are four classes altogether in the group of the fast children, three in that of the normal and two for the slow. There are two remove-classes again at the top for boys and girls quite separate, where the children who are not fit either for central or for secondary schools are

prepared for the next stage of their education. The school has a senior department as well which will be described below in connection with the Post-Primary Schools."

The School is divided into four teams, and each has its Crest or Totem, and the grouping fosters a healthy competitive spirit. The afternoon is usually reserved for handicrafts; "but special credit should be given to this school, because ordinary formal lessons and the Walton plan are carried on simultaneously."

The Post-Primary schools are also in three classes, senior, central and secondary schools. At the age of 11 each girl from the Primary school sits for a scholarship examination. "The best girls are reserved for the Secondary school, the second best go to the central; the Senior school is meant for those girls who do poorly in this examination."

The Senior School gives the dull girl a resh start in life. Apart from the same subjects as in the elementary schools, they are taught cookery or household management. Attention is paid to a girl's individuality, and she is encouraged to do that which she is good at. "At the *Old Oak Senior School*, three hours are devoted to handicrafts, three to English, three to Mathematics one to History and one hour to Geography during the week." The girls go to a domestic centre as well, and the boys get manual training. There is ample scope for games and exercises.

The Central School has a higher curriculum, and Science and Art are added, and French in some cases. "Most of these schools have a definite *bias, either commercial or technical,* and short-hand, book-keeping and typing are introduced in certain schools, and the girls, if they take these up, have to drop subjects such as music and cooking. Sometimes there is a dual bias, as in the *Hammersmith Central School.*

Secondary Schools are quite different from the other two types. School life is much longer, and a girl can stay on till she is 16, and two more years if she so wishes. One foreign language is compulsory and examinations are higher. When they are 16, the girls do their *First School Certificate Examination*; if they like, they can do the *Second School Certificate Examination* two years later, which is equal to the Intermediate. They are now fit for the university. If they wish, they can stay on for another year as student-teachers. "The aim of these Secondary Schools is to enable the pupils to develop all those qualities necessary for the citizens of a democratic state, through a comprehensive training for citizenship." The corporate life in school is developed, and freedom with due respect to order is taught. Public affairs, politics and economics are also tried, and numerous experiments made.

These interesting details of girls' education in England, given by Miss Das Gupta, will be of great use to all Indian educationists. The writer is of opinion that:

> "Primary education in India is defective in many ways. First of all, the schools in many cases are located in houses which are not quite suitable. The problem of wastage also is very acute only about 15.5% of those pupils (boys and girls) who are admitted into the first class stay to reach the fourth; 84.5 per cent drop out. Naturally they forget even that little reading and writing which they learn during the short time. These percentages are for both sexes combined. If the girls are considered separately, the percentage of those, who drop out while reaching Class V, is 94 against 86 for boys. This defect cannot be removed unless means be found to make education compulsory. It is often said that there are too many subjects to be learnt. But, when we compare the schools of India with those of England, we find that this is not true. What the Indian children really suffer from is the method of teaching, the defective examination system and the system of prescribing text-books, and not the multiplicity of subjects."

My First Experiences in Aviation

(Translated from an article in Urdu)

BY MRS. HIJAB IMTIAZ ALI,

The first A Class Muslim Lady Aviator of India.

[Mrs. Hijab, born in 1908, is not only an aviator, but an author also. During recent years she achieved the unique honour among Muslim women of being singled out as a writer of poetic prose in the field of Urdu literature. We may say of her that she is a poetess born, and not made, for her literary attainments were inherited from her mother, whose writings and novels were a regular tirade against the evils of *Purdah* and the illiteracy of Muslim women.

The father of this young poetess was the late Mr. Syed Mohamed Ismail, who was under-secretary to His Exalted Highness, the Nizam, for mines and railways, a man of culture and ultra-modern views, whose untiring energies were always at the services of Islamic women for their enlightenment and uplift. His daughter was married a couple of years ago to a well-known journalist of Lahore.

Mrs. Hijab's writings are teeming with plain practical philosophy. Every little dry leaf by the wayside has a meaning for her and a message to convey, and the common has been expressed by her in an uncommon degree. The rude shock of her mother's death moved her to write a series of short articles of melodious poetic prose. ***Every Man's New Year, The Receding Shadows, The Message of the Tic-Tac, The Way-side Grave*** are a few of her innumerable pieces, which are overpowering in their plain facts. Though some of her articles have been translated into English, they do not give the original taste and flavour. Her articles are in great demand by well-known Northern Indian magazines, like ***Alamgeer, Nairangai-Khial, Shahab, Saqi, Ismath, etc.***

It is very gratifying to know that this lady evinced a keen interest in flying and is the first Muslim woman in India to obtain the pilot's 'A' class license. We give below a translation of her Urdu article, "My First Experiences in Aviation" in which she gives her impressions of flying.]

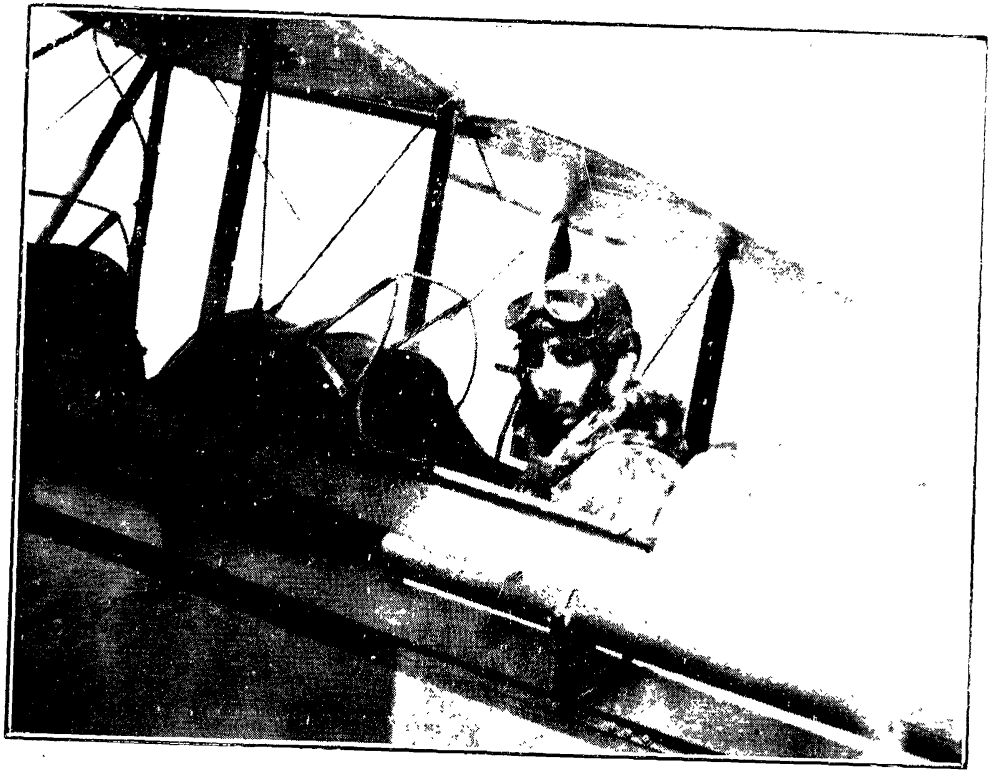
* * * *

"I had my first lesson in aviation on the 23rd of December 1935. I never thought that I could ever become a pilot, but very soon my work changed my pessimistic outlook. My instructor in aviation was a Parsee gentleman, by name Mr. Dustoor, who had spent years in Europe undergoing training, and is now one of the most expert pilots of India. He is at present the chief pilot-instructor of the *Northern India Flying Club.*

People are generally under the misconception that there is very little difference between aeroplane driving and motor-car driving. But it is not so; there is a world of difference between the two. In place of the steering gear in the car, in most aeroplanes there is a "stick"; and, while there is a brake in some planes, in others the engine has to be shut off instead.

On the first day, I practised for ten minutes, on the second for twenty, thus increasing the time gradually. As soon as I was ready in the mornings, I would run to the flying Club and in the evenings I would visit it for a second time. On days, when there was a storm or too much dust and wind, I could not get permission to fly; and I remember how disappointed I used to be, when on peeping out of the window in the early morning I observed that the sky was not clear.

The time for my solo flying came up early enough and Mr. Dustoor told me one day that he now wished to send me alone on a solo flight and he hoped that I would not



MRS. HIJAB IMTIAZ ALI, THE FIRST MUSLIM LADY IN INDIA TO GET THE PILOT'S "A" CLASS LICENSE.

Under the auspices of the Gujarati Stri Mandal, a ladies' public meeting was held in Bombay to congratulate Mrs. Maneklal Premchand (4th from left front row) on her election as Vice-President of the International Council of Women.

PHOTO COUNSIC BROTHERS

feel nervous. I was very pleased at the idea on the contrary, and the time was fixed for three days later. But, during those three days, my ill-luck was such that the very plane, in which I was to fly solo, was badly damaged on account of the carelessness of a young novice. At the flying Club, I found that every other available plane was undergoing repairs. I was told that in two weeks more a plane would be ready for me ; and at last an A. D. *Z.* machine was fitted out. This was not to my taste, but, as I did not wish to waste any further time, I made up my mind to manage with it. Accordingly, I asked my instructor to let me fly the next morning, if weather conditions were favourable, and received his permission. When I told my husband about it, however, he looked very anxious.

My plane was blue and white in colour. I found that the Ground Engineer was closely inspecting the machine, which gave me a little suspicion, that it was still under repair. Mr. Dustoor came out and asked me if I would choose to fly that morning, without feeling nervous in the presence of a crowd of members and amateurs. But I did not mind them at all. Mr. Dustoor looked a little anxious and gave me instructions to the last. I operated the machine ; Mr. Dustoor waved his 'kerchief and wished me luck. I conveyed my thanks to him and immediately flew up, and I can never forget the thrill of that moment. After going 2000 feet up, I cast a glance at the Club building. It looked very tiny like a toy-house. Then, I closed down the engine, and the plane began to descend.

The greatest difficulty in flying is felt at the time of landing, and the aviator feels himself in a dangerous plight, even gasping for breath. I performed the feat, however, with a lot of care and found myself safe on the ground. Immediately, a number of members rushed to my plane and congratulated me. But I had still to complete a number of hours in the air before I could get my licence.

Meanwhile, another unfortunate incident happened, as one of the members of the Club broke down another good machine, in which I had used to fly. It would take a number of weeks for that aeroplane to be set right, and I had to go soon to the hills by advice of the doctor during the severe summer in Lahore. By that time, I had yet to complete two more hours for my licence. And soon the season had changed and there was wind and dust and unsteady weather. Hence, the instructor stopped all flying in the Club. Thereafter, I was anxiously waiting for the weather to improve, for there were only six days left for me to leave for the hills. But unfortunately, the weather went from bad to worse. On the 8th of June, my last available day, when I woke up early in the morning and found the weather very unfavourable and fearful, my heart sank and I burst into tears. If I could not get my licence in June, I should have to wait till October next, which meant four months of waiting for me. When I went to Mr. Dustoor and requested him in a dejected tone to permit me to fly, he replied " How can I do that? Flying in this bad weather is very dangerous. Apart from the risk to the plane, I am afraid for your personal safety. " But I was obstinate and persistent in my request, and at last he yielded and said, " you must allow me to sit in the plane as a passenger; but mind that you do not break my neck !"

There was no end to my joy. It was a very hot summer's day, raining fire almost, that 8th of June, 1936. At 12 o'clock in the day, the trees looked half-withered, and the atmosphere was full of dust and wind ; under such conditions, I had to complete my flying hours, four hundred feet high. It was merely blind flying as I could hardly see anything below. I was even afraid the plane might hit against any tree, or roof. I went up to a height of 1000 feet, but Mr. Dustoor was constantly 'phoning up to me that I should fly the plane at a height of 2000 feet.

Suddenly, my plane came down to 600 feet, and, being shocked at this, I 'phoned to Mr. Dustoor, asking what was wrong. He

replied that the weather was very bad and that there were signs of approaching storm.

Just as you find pits in the ground, so you find instability in the atmosphere. It is for this reason that planes sometimes drop thousands of feet and get tossed about in stormy weather. Such times are of course very dangerous in piloting. In spite of this, however, I went on flying and at last completed my two hours. When I came down to the earth, my heart was filled with rapture. I had completed my hours for the licence and I was now a full-fledged pilot. I had now the right to go to every corner of the world in my aeroplane. Mr. Dustoor also was immensely glad. I ran home, and there was no other topic on which I talked to my husband that day except aviation.

I have now completed my instruction in flying. But I am awefully sad and disappointed to see that none except my husband have appreciated my taking instructions in aviation. No one has come to offer me hearty congratulations. Some friends have even remarked, "A young girl like you should not have taken to aviation;" while some others have said, "you have been getting thinner day by day on account of your aviation." People are under the misconception that one should have an extraordinary constitution to take to flying; but an ordinary constitution will suffice, provided one has good presence of mind and some intelligence.

Particularly among the Muslims in India, there has been very little thought for aviation. Those, that were undergoing training with me in aviation, were either Christians or Parsees. There was only one Muslim who tried for a 'B' class licence.

It is so very sad and surprising to observe that even one per cent of the male population has not the enthusiasm and spirit for aviation. The other ninety-nine per cent are of opinion that sitting in an aeroplane is going into the jaws of death. Is our existence itself, however, free from other risks and dangers? I would class such people as gross pessimists, who think that it requires a rare gift and extraordinary talent to become an aviator. It is high time that our children should be imbued with the taste and enthusiasm for flying, for, as time advances, there is felt the necessity for quick travel, in which weeks spent of old in covering a distance can be minimised to days and even hours.

May God give courage to our brethren and enlighten their minds!

"How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection."

* * * *

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

* * * *

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt."

—*Shakespeare.*

1. Mrs. AMMU SWAMINADHAN, who has been elected Chairwoman of the Standing Committee of the All-India Women's Conference.

2. LADY KAILAS SRIVASTAVA, who presided over the Oudh Women's Conference at Lucknow.

3. Mrs. BOJJA KOTAMMA, who is an Hon. Magistrate of the first-class bench, Cuddalore, a non-official visitor to the prison and a member of the Dt. Secondary Educational Board, the Child-Welfare and Maternity Committee and the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.

4. Mrs. AGNES SHAW of Cawnpore, who is a delegate to the All-India Women's Conference at Ahmedabad and who also represented the U. P. in the All-India Women's Conference held last winter at Travancore, is the first Indian Christian Lady in India to be nominated as the Inspectress of Factories by the Governor of the U. P.

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PHOTO: EMPIRE PRESS

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PHOTO: R. VENKOBA RAO, SRIRANGAM.

3

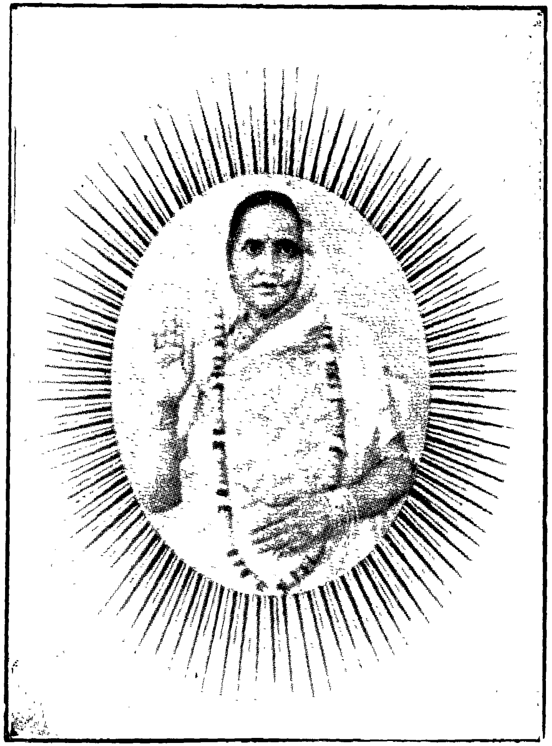
PHOTOS: T. N. A., SRIRANGAM.

4

Srimathi Lakshmi Devi Mathur

to whom a gold medal attached to a gold necklace, was presented by the gentry of Sitapur and Lucknow for general ability and efficiency, both in public and at home. She was also congratulated for her enterprise and skill in the designing and construction of a model house in Sunderbagh.

Photo : I. N. A., Srirangam.



Her Holiness
SREE KUSUMKUMARI DEVI

Her Holiness Sri Kusum Kumari Devi

By M. Sri Ramamurti

The celebration, last month of the sixty-sixth birthday of Her Holiness, which is an all-India religious event was but an event in a phenomenal religious movement which is now spreading in India with unobtrusive rapidity.

Sri Kusum Kumari is the consort of Thakur Haranath of Sonamukhi, District Bankura, Bengal, who left this world in 1927. Haranath and Kusum Kumari are together regarded as a Divine Incarnation by more than a hundred thousand devotees all over India. And among those who worship them as such are people with high university distinctions, scientific training and plenty of Western culture. In the fold of Haranath, one may find men drawn from different creeds, castes, communities, religions; Rajas and beggars, pundits and illiterates, vie with one another in tendering homage to these divine personalities. The marvellous progress, which this religious movement is making, in spite of the absence of the usual propaganda in the press and on the platform, can be explained only on the basis of the mystic potency of Haranath and His name.

The teachings of Kusum-Haranath are briefly these: 1. The greatest force for good is Love, unrestricted by distinctions of caste, creed and colour. 2. The highest end of human life is the attainment of God. 3. It does not matter in what name and form you worship God, for all names and forms are His. 4. The easiest way of reaching God in this *Kali Yuga* is by means of *Bhakti* or Love and devotion. 5. Among practical methods for the cultivation of *Bhakti*, the two most important are the mental repetition of the name of God—whatever name you may choose—and *Sankirtan* or devotional singing. 6. Love of God is the same as love of man. Similarly love of Gods' living creation is the same as love of God. 7. Complete self-surrender to the Divine is an attitude which every devotee should seek to cultivate. 8. The company of those who are religious is is to be preferred to any other company, however exalted, and when that is not obtainable, solitude is best. 9. There should be non-injury or abstention from thoughts, words and deeds that would cause pain to living objects. 10. There must be complete tolerance towards people of other religious persuasions.

The cardinal teachings of Haranath are to be found in the letters of Pagal Haranath in English, available at Sri Haranath Tatwa Pracharini Seva, 54 Manicktola Street, Calcutta.

Though Haranath is now no longer physically amidst us, his devotees are constantly feeling His presence and aid in moments of need and distress. Sri Kusum Kumari, being part and parcel of the Haranath *Avatar*, is a personality of incalculable spiritual power and Her grace has been the saviour of many a distressed soul.

Hindus, Christians and Mahommadans, who have taken shelter at her feet, know that Her grace is indeed the highest blessing that can descend on man.

THE FILM AND CIVIC EDUCATION

By Sheikh Iftekhar Rasool

THE film has two functions in education. Till now, its use in the classroom has been largely devoted to illustration. Its second function is one of exposition, wherein the film develops themes of its own making. Much experiment has been vitiated and much needless controversy has been roused through neglect of this essential distinction.

The conscientious and reflective teacher contends that he has quite enough straightforward teaching to do, without occupying himself with every hare-brained scheme that comes along. If an addition to his work is proposed, then he must be convinced that it is a necessary one. The business of teaching children to read, write and calculate is a serious and exacting business. He is not, therefore, prepared to upset his time-table merely to satisfy the whims of the dilettante film enthusiast. Probably only scientific data provided by one or other of our research students will provide conviction.

Allowing, as we must do, that our teachers do their jobs extraordinarily well, we must therefore guard against any unnecessary upheaval and consequent loss of direction and efficiency. Before we use films in connection with our curricular lessons, we must accept in a large measure the generally adequate curriculum, the normal conditions of the classroom and the normal teaching unit in the lesson.

These conditions immediately make certain demands on the type of film necessary. It must be such that the teacher can maintain the pace of his teaching; it must not appreciably slow down the teaching process. To maintain this pace, the film must fit into the unity of the existing scheme of work. It is foolish to present a teacher with a gleaming projector and a film of life in the Hebrides, when he is patiently teaching the climate of Southern India.

The Exposition Film

What such a teacher wants to do is to use film in such a proportion as he at present uses maps and wall pictures. When a diagram is required to crystallise an idea, the teacher turns to the black-board; when a conception of an object outside the experience of his pupils is needed, he turns to a wall-map or switches on his diascope. Within the context of the lesson it is logical to use the film after the same fashion as illustration. For this, a film of not more than three minutes is much to be preferred to an ordinary film. The longer film would occupy half the lesson, which is absurd if the teacher is to maintain the pace of his teaching. With the shorter film he would be able to supply the necessary illustration at the appropriate point and yet cover at least as much ground as formerly.

The exposition film, the educational film as we know it, whether silent or sound, is in itself a unity, and within the context of its own making adds to knowledge and presents new experience. The possibilities inherent in this new form of presenting experience have not, to any extent, been developed. Rather it has been forced to do the work, which should more properly be done by a more simple illustration film.

The exposition film has a foreground use, in so far as it lines up with the curriculum. But it transcends the function of mere illustration, as it commences to show the perspectives which lie behind the classroom and behind the laboratory. Professor Huxley's films are an example of this. In school, biology is not usually treated as an exact science. It is taught rather in its broader issues and at the point where it joins issue with other sciences. Cinema, with its peculiar ability to gather up individual instances and weave them into a pattern which is identified as much with the aim as with the instance, allows the film first to line itself with the particular instance and then to go beyond the instance to the general idea.

The exposition film also proves valuable in connection with the creative work of the curriculum subjects.

It has been pointed out by many teachers that the quality of essay writting appears to degenerate in pupils about 15 years of age. It is not so much that they have less to say, but that their observations are less well expressed. There is a spontaneity about the composition of ten year olds which is lacking in those of older pupils.

This disparity may be attributed to two causes. In the efforts of a younger pupil there is little endeavour to achieve style or even order; despite the teacher's efforts, commas and full stops mean very little to the child. He goes gaily on his way writing as he speaks, in one continuous unpunctuated stream, only deterred from fullest expression by the labour of writing and his hesitancy in spelling. The older child on the other hand divides his attention between the ideas and the expression. He attempts to organise his expression and is forced to curtail his thought within the bounds of his grammar and punctuation. In consequence, the freedom of his thought is retarded and there is the lack of spontaneity which I have mentioned. But quality is lost for another reason. At fifteen years of age, an effort is being made by the pupil, not only to organise expression but also to organise thought. Each day, new ideas and new impressions are pouring in on him. His mental agility is being taxed to keep clear his leading lines of thought. He endeavours to appreciate things in a coherent pattern, but all the while new and apparently unconnected impressions are crowding in on him. His thought-patterns demand continual readjustment; yet during this period he is required to express in essays and in speech these very patterns. There is consequently strain in this business of tying down in static terms, what is in constant flux; he is asked to express in ordered form what is essentially unorganised in his mind. But, cinema in virtue of its singular exposition value has just the required power of organising observation. The camera selects and intensifies, the director clarifies and relates, and the total observation is presented as a coherent unity. The film can present not the fleeting unrelated impressions of normal observation but a dramatised thought-pattern. It is an aid to such coherent thinking as ordered expression depends on.

Beyond the Curriculum

These values of the exposition film permit it to play a part in education, which does not allow of strict alignment with the curriculum. When the cinema is considered as a new instrument of observation, possibilities hitherto denied to the educator, avenues of new experience, which till now have been closed to the classroom approach, open up. What the cinema can do, as no other medium is able, is to provide an enhanced experience of the real world in the living terms of that world. As the telescope can bring the stars down to earth and the microscope can bring the microcosm into our view, so the cinema can report the living contemporary facts to the schoolroom. For the first time, the schoolmaster can teach from actuality.

One of the vitiating factors in educational practice has been the gulf between the educational process and the social process. Always the teacher lags behind the moving events of contemporary life; in his isolated classroom he is sorely tried to keep abreast of the everchanging tide of affairs. The nature of the cinema and its ability to report contemporary observation can to some extent bridge the gulf.

Thus we see the film transcending its simpler illustration applications to curricular subjects, and becoming a means of directing the technique for the teaching of citizenship. Civics has often degenerated into a study of municipal data and statistical evidence, or been represented as a development of economic history. In both these cases, it has tended to become academic and merely dull. When it has grown out of political history, it has retained its political emphasis and never gained contact with the social aspects of our life which, more than the political ones, are the bases of our civic life.

But the film, with its rapid and vivid reporting of daily life, and its dramatic treatment of industry, science and commerce, brings the romance of the real, which is the foundation of teaching in citizenship, right into the school. Thus the gulf between the theory of the classroom and the fact of the outside world tends to be bridged. This is the chief contribution the cinema can make to education.

CURRENT COMMENTS

(1) Woman's excellence

I have not actually read Eve M.'s letter on *Woman* in the *Statesman;* but I have seen the digest of it, in which she claims bravely that to women is due most of what is good in the world. "The writer" says *Purdahnashin* in a reply to this, "seems to have made many discoveries about woman, some of which are that she has been the source of all that is wise, pure, unselfish and heroic; that true nobility and dignity belong to woman; that no human aspiration, no manly achievement and no honourable ambition could have been possible without woman; that intellect and genius are generated and inspired by her; and that next to God man is indebted to woman for life and then for making it worth living."

No doubt, woman has been a great force for good in the world; but after all has anything very positive been done by her, except in some very notable instances? On the other hand, there is much said against her. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and it is up to women to prove what a great factor in life, true womanhood can be. It is up to them to live down the criticisms cast on them. Can they deny that some of them are true? Can they deny, for instance, that they have been "liabilities and drags" on man in many cases? Can they deny that they have always been, and always will be, physically inferior to men, and therefore partly dependent on them? Just read the castigation of woman in the following reply by a *Bengal gentleman* to Eve M.'s article:

> "Oscar Wilde's analysis of women as 'sphinxes without mystery' reflects the dominant modern view-point about the sex. The older conception of woman as being the sum total of all that is sweet and tender has largely gone out of vogue, because she has made life more complex and ever more intriguing. Life would indeed have been denuded of seventy-five per cent of its glamour and expectancy, had God spared Adam the rib he made woman out of and invented some other process of human continuity; but what it would have lost in abstractions like glamour and romance, it would have made up for, had man been spared the complexities woman has occasioned in his life. Woman has indeed acted magnificently in the roles of mother, sister and wife, but has, as a painful concomitant, generated a tortuousness which is the obverse of the much-vaunted femininity. In fact, her virtues of motherhood and guileless domesticity are often cruelly negatived by mental obliqueness and frivolous affection."

Alas indeed for our brave show of self-praise!

Let us therefore be up and doing, and try to show that we can also shoulder heavy burdens; that we can be as great "moral entities with much the same purpose" as man. Let us show that we also have enlarged our horizon. As *Purdahnashin* said: "It is true that once upon a time earth was so plentiful and life was so easy that nothing was required of a woman but to rock the cradle and weep over the grave. Those blissful days, when it was enough for woman to exercise the tenderest and the most sacred influences on mankind, are gone and, I am afraid, gone for good. Living is harder now and life is more exacting than ever. It is high time that woman in India should understand the crux of the problem. The value of her spiritual service is not denied, but that alone is no longer enough. Unless she gets ready to make some material contribution towards her home, she only accentuates the miseries of the family she belongs to. There are so many ways in which woman can help herself and thus afford some relief to the struggling half of mankind."

In the meanwhile, can man deny that woman has already proved some of her worth? Has not about half the world spoken well of her? Queen Mary, when congratulating the *Country Women's Association* of New South Wales, said generally: "Everywhere country women are organised, they work for the benefit of all, along the path of true progress." If this is true of the country, how much more should it be true of the town?

A lady speaker lately spoke in praise of women as follows: "Women are accused of being fickle, emotional and over-enthusiastic, but people forget that a woman has always to be ahead of her time, to be feeling her way and finding out the truth for the next generation." "A man," she said, "was very much where his mother left him, but a woman had to go beyond

that, for the sake of the children that would be hers. Where a woman loved, she worshipped : where she gave, she gave her all ; where she was convinced of a cause, she would fight for it; where she agreed to live for an ideal, she would die for it."

What then should women seek to do in the world? Only soft occupations like nursing, midwifery, teaching and home-industries? Certainly not, will say those individual women, who are above the average and who can rise to greater things. Therefore, how can we agree with Mrs. Hillyarc, a Western lady, who says of Indian girls: "I would prescribe more art, more music, and more sport for Indian girls, *but less of books.* They should become expert at internal decoration. Indian mythology is so rich in artistic possibilities that have not been used sufficiently." Quite true, but why should Indian girls have *less of books ?*

The task before women, as Mrs. Hensman of Madras said lately, "was how to combine their ideals of home-making with their contribution to public life and citizenship. They had made homes in the world, but their work was to make the world a home, to scatter doubt and suspicion, the fear of nations for each other, and build up a family which had no barriers of defence against its neighbour. It was not an easy thing by any means. The temptation was to fritter away their energies on a variety of good subjects. They must learn to concentrate. Then again they must learn to take things less personally, to avoid prejudice in decisions, to agree to disagree."

(2) *Women in Hyderabad*

We have been very happy indeed to read of the progress of Muslim women during the last twenty-five years of H. E. the Nizam's reign. Ever since 1908, when the sufferings of flood-stricken victims forced upon them the need for helping others, and made them work up a well-organized *Women's Relief Committee,* there has been a great move towards group-work, followed by improvement in all directions. There are two very good educational institutions, the *Mahabubia Girls' School* and the *Osmania University College for Women,* besides lesser ones. As Lady Hydari said lately: "This rapid multiplication of women's educational institutions in the last 25 years has enabled the growth of close co-operation between women of all classes and communities under a common banner. To-day, over 30 splendidly-organised Associations, Clubs, and Societies are directing voluntary work through specialized channels—child-welfare centres, hostels, asylums, relief work amongst the poor at times of epidemics and distress, the encouragement of home-industries, the spread of mass-education, moral vigilance, temperance, inspection of zenana hospitals and other institutions and the collection of funds for any deserving cause." Some of these Clubs are the *Hyderabad Ladies' Association,* the *Ladies' Recreation Club,* the *Ladies' Club at Secunderabad,* the *Anjuman Khawatni Islam* which has started there four schools, the *Women's Association for educational and social improvement* which has started a hostel for women. It is instructive to notice that Muslim ladies have welcomed the proposal for the introduction of free compulsory education and have asked for restraint of child marriage, as well as for a recognition of the full rights of citizenship. There is a *girl-guide* movement also.

" A large number of women have entered the educational, medical and nursing professions. Two are in a Government Office and a few have established commercial business as private enterprise. Annually, a public conference is held for the evaluation of work and consolidation of views. The participation of our delegates in the work and deliberations of the All-India Conference every year serves to link the aspirations and ideals of the women of Hyderabad to the united vision of India's womanhood. Distinguished women-visitors from all parts of the world have ever received here a warm welcome and attentive hearing. The Clubs, in particular, have encouraged the sporting and democratic spirit and strengthened the traditional bond of communal unity. The finer customs and conventions of our ancient civilization are jealously guarded and wise taste has been exhibited in the adaptation of Western modes and manners. The keen urgency on the part of the women of Hyderabad to develop and progress and win full recognition of their citizenship as individual beings is surely, in the ultimate analysis of things, but another expression of their legitimate desires for opportunity to fulfil in a rational and worthy manner the supreme duties of enlightened motherhood and the high task of guarding and ennobling the homes of all the citizens of these dominions."

Much of this progress is due to the "broad-

minded attitude, of the Ruler to problems affecting the social and moral advancement of his subjects." An address was presented lately to the Nizam, in which the women of Hyderabad congratulated him on the occasion of his *Silver Jubilee.* Mrs. Hosain Ali Khan said: "It is my proud privilege to move the resolution of felicitations to our beloved ruler on the auspicious occasion of his Silver Jubilee. Our august ruler rules, not only over our State, but also over our hearts. The occasion has given rise to great joy in our hearts. You all are aware of the rapid progress of the State during His Exalted Highness's rule—progress that is all-round, educational, economic, social, material, industrial and agricultural."

Another factor in the improved progress of the women has been "the personal interest of the well-beloved Princesses in the manifold aspects of advancement, which is a source of deep and abiding inspiration to young and old."

(3) Maternity and Child-welfare

One hears so much of the various efforts made all over the world to improve maternity and child-welfare, but, if conditions are to improve, more real progress has to be made.

Let us see what has been specially done with regard to medical relief for women in India. Here is an estimate taken from the Public Health Commissioner's Report for 1934:

"At the end of 1934, there were in British India 6,597 hospitals and dispensaries, following the modern system of treatment, of which 1,356 were in Madras and 1,310 in Bengal. The Punjab possesses the next highest number, namely, 969; there are 690 in Bihar and Orissa, 686 in the United Provinces and 533 in Bombay. On an average, 41,800 persons were served by each of these institutions, the average for rural and urban institutions being roughly 58,500 and 12,000 persons respectively. Facilities for the treatment of women exist in all classes of institutions, but the numbers of hospitals and dispensaries exclusively for women are not very many, those maintained or aided by Government or by local funds numbering 78 in the United Provinces, 41 in Madras, 40 in the Punjab, 14 in Bengal, 11 in the Central Provinces, 8 in Bombay, 5 each in "Bihar and Orissa" and Burma, and 4 in N. W. F. P. Of these 206 institutions, 30 were State-public, 99 local and Municipal fund, 74 private-aided. These hospitals and dispensaries are mostly located in headquarters and other urban centres and some provide only outdoor treatment."

This is surely a good deal, yet so much more needs to be done. Shall we look at some of the suggestions and criticisms regarding the welfare centres and health-exhibitions now being held all over India?

(a) Taking Mysore, here is one from Sir Charles Todhunter for a better system of advertising of the help given:

"I would suggest to them that they should have prepared cards which can be presented to the father at the office of the Registrar of Births when he makes his entry, or left at the address of every mother of a baby in the city, telling her which child-welfare centre is nearest to her home, and what are the days and hours on which baby-clinics are held there, and advising her for her baby's sake to bring it to the clinics for weighment, bathing, advice, simple medicines and in cases of distress, to have it placed on the list of those receiving free milk from the Trust. In the case of the next Baby Week, I would suggest having similar cards handed to every mother that competes and in each case to ask the doctors to make a brief note on the cards of the result of their examination with a word or two of advice, if the child needs any simple treatment or any modification in its diet to ensure its better growth. Another scheme to stimulate interest in the work of the Trust would be in the shape of a prize, which will be awarded to the nurse, who has been able to bring the greatest number of babies to her centre, or the Week."

(b) Then, there is a suggestion for the training of health workers. *Senex M. D.* says in the *Statesman:*

"There are now several schools in India for training health-workers. The largest is probably the Lady Reading School in Delhi. All the schools turn out qualified workers. The pay varies according to the standard attained and the experience. Rs. 35 to Rs. 150 a month are the limits. These health-workers are in charge of Welfare-Centres or of groups of Centres. The activities of a welfare-centre are to treat the very minor maladies of children, or to send them on to the nearest hospital; to advise the mothers as to their own and their children's welfare, with special attention to ante-natal advice; to visit all ante-natal cases in their own

area in their homes, and to supervise and help the local *Dais* in their work.

(c) The training is required of local *Dais*. "This can only be done locally in the area where their work lies and where in many cases their mothers and relatives have previously carried on the work. In practice, it has been found to be useless to train women in central schools for *Dais* and then plant them in urban or rural areas to improve local methods. If they receive a stipend, they are prepared to live at ease and do no work. They are not likely to get work themselves, as they will be strangers and the indigenous *Dais* will not utilize them. The chief duty of the Health worker in charge of the local welfare centre is to get in touch with the local *Dais*, hold classes, see cases with them, help them out in their difficulties, arrange liaison with the hospital for difficult cases and generally by example and precept gradually obtain their confidence and stimulate them to improve."

(d) Then, more teaching for women at home is necessary. As Sir Charles Todhunter lately said in Mysore, there is so much to be done for the child in India. "It is a truism to say that the human baby is the most helpless creature in the whole of God's creation, and I am afraid it is equally so to say that the young mother and still more the young father are two of the most ignorant people about their job that are to be found. If a man wants to become a doctor or a lawyer, or even a member of one of the public services, he has to go through a long period of training for his job, but a man and woman may become parents and undertake the bringing up of a number of the most important creatures in the world without any the least knowledge of their nutrition, their psychology or any other of the matters that it is essential for a parent to know."

With regard to this, the Director of Public Health said lately in Madras:

"The primary duties of all women should start in their own homes. An enormous amount of attention is paid to their cooking utensils, etc., whereas the same care is not bestowed on their children which perhaps is due to ignorance rather than to wilful negligence. Generally speaking, ordinary ailments which can be cured without any trouble are allowed to progress till they reach a stage when medical attendance is called in, leading to prolonged treatment and unnecessary expense after damage has been done. Indian mothers have a natural intelligence, but there is something—call it fatalism, which seems to militate or operate against taking the bull by the horns. Children are allowed to foul their homes without let or hindrance. It is an extraordinary trait in the Indian character that the mothers do not get squeamish over cleaning areas fouled by the youngsters, but will certainly resent a sweeper getting inside the house to help in cleaning up. With such indiscriminate and unrestricted insanitary habits, allowed to grow without the administration of any correctives during the impressionable period of the youth, is it a wonder that among adolescents and even grown-ups one sees sights which beggar description?"

(e) Finally, better nursing facilities are needed. More suitable and better educated nurses are wanted. Here is an estimate of the nursing services rendered in 1934: "There were 3,691 nurses employed in hospitals, of which 3,486 worked in urban areas and 211 in rural. The nursing services in rural areas are developing very slowly. The total expenditure on nursing during the year in State-public, local and municipal fund and private-aided hospitals was Rs. 35,50,000 for nearly 11,00,000 of indoor patients, the expenditure on nursing per case treated being Rs. 3/4/6.

If not a full training, at least some knowledge of hygiene, nursing and first-aid, will be of good use to our women.

(4) The Ladies' Recreation Club at Madras

We are glad to hear that this Club has reached its *Silver Jubilee*. At the annual meeting held lately, a note of congratulation was struck. The Honorary Secretary said in her report:

"The Club was started twenty-five years ago with a meeting held at Sylvan Lodge Mylapore, on Dec., 29,1911, 'to ascertain whether a sufficient number of ladies would be willing to become members.' A list of sixty-one members was appended to the minutes of this meeting and it was resolved that with these members the Club might be formed. Badminton and Croquet sets were presented by members. The numbers rose rapidly. By June 1912, it was agreed to open the Club on Saturdays as well as on Tuesdays, and tennis and billiards were added to the games available. Reading circles

were also formed and *Married Ladies' Classes* held in connection with the National Indian Association. We have continued to play games with enthusiam, but our educational activities are not what they were. On the other hand, we have added contract bridge to our mental exercises. The Club had to search for a home for some time. It was transferred in 1913 to the Luz, Mylapore; and as it continued to expand, the need for larger and more permanent premises was felt increasingly. In November 1920, it was transferred to the present building, which was at first taken on lease, but subsequently, due to the efforts of Her Excellency Lady Willingdon and the generosity of Raja Sir Annamalai Chettiar, was purchased and handed over to a Trust."

We are glad to hear that financially the Club is in a sound position. In fact, everything is doing well; yet it is good to remember that much has yet to be done. As Lady Marjorie Erskine said at the meeting:

"It is for the members to back up the committee more than in the past and to use their feminine ability of broadcasting, to get more members, especially life-members, and so get more funds and widen the scope of the Club."

(5) *The Sarada Vidyalaya of Madras*

We are glad to hear that this institution also is celebrating its *Silver Jubilee.* The report said:

" A Union was started in 1912 in Egmore with the object of improving the general knowledge of the ladies by arranging weekly lectures on religion and on social, moral and educational topics. From 1914 to 1930, the meetings were monthly, and the Union had its headquarters in Triplicane. Since 1930, the headquarters have been shifted to Mylapore. From July last, there were held weekly meetings and the General Secretary was giving a series of lectures on the *Bhagavat Gita.* Looking back on the last twenty-five years, we may with pride and satisfaction say that the Union has done really good work for women. In 1921, the *Sri Sarada Vidyalaya* was started in Triplicane with twenty-five inmates reading in the various classes of the Lady Willingdon Training College. Till 1927, it was self-supporting, after which was started a class for poor adult women, especially widows, for which financial help was needed from the public. The Sri Sarada Vidyalaya has now developed into a higher elementary training school with a model section. The present strength is 249.

We have decided to shift the institution to Mambalam in the near future, where we are trying to secure a site for constructing a building of our own for the Vidyalaya. In these nine years, 145 young women have been trained for the teachers' profession, and almost all of them are working as teachers in various elementary schools all over the Presidency. Four years ago in 1932, we started a Ladies' Club and it is now flourishing independently with its own building and finance, and with 140 members on its rolls. Our motto is 'Union and Service,' and one of our principal aims is to bring about more union amongst ladies, irrespective of caste and creed and enable them to devote at least some of their time to social service among women. Our future programme is to organise more classes for the education of women."

It is pleasant to hear of the educational activities of this Union, which is rather a rare thing. As was said at the meeting: " The idea of the Union is to link up the social side of women's activities with the educational advancement of children, who need help." We wish it every success.

(6) *Physical Culture.*

The Maharani of Travancore said some very true things at the annual meeting of the *Women's Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association* in Madras. " As a firm believer in the importance and urgency of physical culture among our women, I am very glad to take part in this pleasant function and to distribute the prizes to the winners in the sports. I understand that this function is one of the infrequent occasions, on which students of all the various colleges are brought together and it is bound to create a spirit of good fellowship amongst them. On the proper training of women is dependent every form of national progress, and an indispensable part of that training is a knowledge of the laws of health and the application of those laws by producing and maintaining healthy and active bodies rendered fit by exercise and the harmonious development of all the faculties.

There are many and varying responsibilities, that are increasingly bound to devolve upon us in public, as well as in the environment of the home, and for their adequate discharge the care of the body is a prime requisite and the pursuit of games and sports is therefore worthy of all encouragement."

The value of sport is, we are glad to say, being realised by Indian women in modern times; and it is sure to prove, as time goes on, one of the greatest factors in the advancement of India.

(7) *Lady Baden-Powell.*

Lady Baden-Powell's visit to India will help to stimulate to more active service a movement that is already very much alive in this country. The Chief Guide's exhortation to her followers to make the development of character, the development of handicrafts, the cultivation of health and the ideal of service the four corner stones of the movement, are ideals that cover the whole field of an active and healthy-minded woman's existence, and every Guide, no doubt, will be only too glad to follow her good advice. The Girl Guide movement does not stimulate the organisation of a group, in order to neglect the individual; but is essentially meant to show "that the community is composed of individuals and that it is upon their attitude to one another that the general welfare depends." This is contrary to the modern tendency towards mass movements. Neither is the Girl Guide ideal based on mere theories; but above all on *active service.* "It is generally recognised that the future of this country largely depends upon the influence exercised by its women," and "the Girl Guide movement seeks to produce healty, active-minded women of character, prepared to devote themselves to social service."

(8) *Women in Mines in India*

It is with pleasure that we note that the much-desired reform of prohibiting women from working in mines in India is to come into force from July this year. We are told that this question has been considered by Government since 1890, and that the delay in enforcing the rule was due to Government giving time to the mining industry to adjust itself, for, when the Mines Act was passed in 1923, female labour amounted to more than a third of the total labour employed, and came to 90,000. From July 1st, no woman will be permitted to be employed in the underground workings of any mine, and no woman will be allowed to enter a mine unless she possesses a pass given by the manager of the mine. This rule will not apply to women occupied in health and welfare services.

(9) *A Ceylon lady artist*

A Ceylon paper writes: "That she may somehow be instrumental in reviving the lost art of painting in Ceylon is the ambition of Miss Grace Muthuvaloe, a young Ceylonese art student who has just returned to Colombo after four years' study at the Madras School of Arts and Crafts. Miss Muthuvaloe is a daughter of the late Mr. J. A. Muthuvaloe, once the Chief Audit Examiner in Colombo. Her elder sister, who is also very talented, spent four years at Santiniketan, studying Indian music and dancing.

Miss Grace Muthuvaloe, who received her early education at the C. M. S. School, Chundikuli, Jaffna, became one of the star students of the Madras Art School, where last year she gained the Annual Scholarship. She has had the privilege of studying both sculpture and painting (in water-colour, oils and tempera) under Mr. D. P. R. Chowdhri, one of India's foremost artists and teachers, and has brought back with her about twenty pictures and some pieces of sculpture which she hopes shortly to exhibit.

Although she hopes to concentrate on the Indian style of painting, the young artist has not disdained to study the technique of the West. Some of her pictures display a pleasing blend of Eastern and Western influences, others are treated purely in the European method, while a few, her own experiments in colour composition, are typically Oriental.

At a recent Art Exhibition in Madras, in which artists from all over India exhibited, Miss Muthuvaloe had the proud distinction of being the only woman to exhibit a piece of sculpture. Her work was much praised by the critics, who considered it displayed power and strength seldom associated with the work of feminine artists. In fact, the woman's head she had modelled might easily have been taken for a man's work.

This young artist is at present anxious to give most of her time to painting and research

Among other projects she hopes to be able to study the Sigiriya frescoes at first-hand and gain inspiration from them and from other remains of Lanka's bygone art and culture, in ruined palaces and ancient rock-temples.

(10) Sex-Education

Mahatma Gandhi's views on sex-education, that boys and girls should be told the truth and given the facts of sex; but that, at the same time, "such education should automatically serve to bring home to children the essential distinction between man and brute, to make them realise that it is man's special privilege and pride to be gifted with the faculties of head and heart; that he is a thinking no less than a feeling animal, as the very derivation of the word shows; and that to renounce the sovereignty of reason over blind instincts is therefore to renounce a man's estate,"—are views that every sane man and woman believes in.

Mr. Shri Krishna C. Vaidya, writing on Sex-Education in *the Educational Review* is of opinion that "accurate and reliable information on this vital topic," should be included in school curriculums, and that parents and teachers should "take up this responsibility on their shoulders and there should be a vigorous and scientific treatment of the subject in homes and schools." Sex-education, he says, should be started at an early age, before adolescence, and the subject should be treated "naturally, without shirking, and with the minimum of exhortation, solemn warning, and self-consciousness." The importing of sex-knowledge should be entrusted to the ablest hands in schools and colleges, and should be continued from "elementary schools right up to the highest standards in colleges," according to a correct and well-thought-out programme.

(11) Progress of American Women

Dr. Sudhindra Bose, of the Iowa University, U. S. A., writing in the *Prabuddha Bharata*, gives an interesting account of the progress of American Women. His idea is that "Like man, woman's sphere is in the whole universe, of matter and mind, to do whatever she can and thus prove the intentions of the Creator," and he goes on to tell us how in the early nineteenth century American women were only meant for domestic life, and how, at the present time, they are to be found in every walk of life. A century ago, "they surrendered to men all occupations outside the home, and confined themselves to marriage and the bearing and rearing of children. Wifehood and motherhood were the only careers approved of for women. The husband was the dictator of the family—a position frequently exercised harshly by domineering men." But now the State-universities are co-educational, and there are a number of women's colleges, which have brought a new standard of health to women. Though women were only enfranchised in 1920 after fighting for their rights for seventy-two years, and only after twenty-six other countries had given their women the vote, now they have gained "political recognition and political power. Women have now a hand in deciding the public policies, with reference to education, labour, and social welfare. Women have also made progress in federal Government. The present congress boasts of nine feminine members. The United States now has its first woman Cabinet Member, its first woman Ambassador, and its first feminine Director of the Mint."

(12) Military training for German Girls

After hearing so much about the importance of a domestic training for German girls, and Herr Hitler's exhortations to his women to be concerned with nothing but the Church, the kitchen, and children, it is surprising indeed to hear that the girls of to-day are being encouraged towards a military attitude, and that "martial country-games of a purely masculine nature, propaganda marches of a military type, roll-calls and inspections are the order of the day in girls' training." Mrs. Yella Vulpino-Erdmann rightly bemoans this new type of education, for, writing in *Die Frau Berlin*, she says: "Drilling may be necessary for training in protection from gas or sanitary help etc., but, when it is introduced into fields of activity where it should not properly belong, it loses its justification." She also regrets the fact that so strenuous is the training of boys and girls towards a fellowship of the nation as a whole, that no time is given whatever for solitude or individual thought. "As regards character training," she says, "loyalty to society will suppress loyalty to one's own self, obedience to leaders, obedience to the inner voice, courage in external dangers, and the courage of one's own convictions. The latter virtues are certainly of no less importance to the German woman

than the former. An all too one-sided training to a sense of fellowship may result in a superficiality of thought and judgment, a "mechanicalness" and bluntness of feeling, because, we must not forget that the great and fruitful is born, not in the thought of social relationship, but in stillness and solitude." She warns the mothers of Germany to raise a timely protest to this form of education.

(13) Women in China

From the latest information Bulletin of the Council of International Affairs in Nanking, it is encouraging to read that the status of women in ancient China was indeed an enviable one. They enjoyed great privileges and were not excluded from political and social work, though the majority were happy enough to be good mothers and wives. This did not mean, however, that they were by any means docile and down-trodden, for Hu Shih, in his Chinese Renaissance, says that, "woman had always been the despot of the family. The authority of the mother and mother-in-law were very well-known. Even the wife was always the terror of the husband; no other country in the world can compete with China for the distinction of being a nation of hen-pecked husbands." Perhaps this was due to the fact that no divorce was allowed; but man *had* to stand up for his rights, and so, in due course, the inevitable reaction took place, until woman became suppressed and a negligent part of society. With the spread of modern ideas, however, Chinese women are swift to discard the chains of bondage of centuries, and in a few years their womanhood has reached a high standard of progress. Now, within the last thirty years, after the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty, "the moral concept, the outlook on life and the social status of Chinese women have changed entirely." Since the Republic has come into force, there is a new womanhood. Second marriage is now allowed; women are not secluded; daughters can inherit property; women take part in political campaigns, social work, research, manual and military tasks and are seen in factories and Government offices. "Above all, we see women moving about with a newly-awakened sense of responsibility, the like of which can only be found in such countries as the United States and England."

There is, however, still a great deal to do, and Madam Chiang Kai-Shek, in her concluding paragraph in the Information Bulletin, gives Chinese women the following advice :—

"With a sound foundation of knowledge, no force can prevent the woman from participating in spheres of social and public life where they can be especially active and useful in promoting the general welfare of the nation. Learned and able women share equally with men the responsibility of public life, and so far as women have the enthusiasm and other qualities for public service, they can wield increasing influence upon the destiny of the country. What is important is that the women should formulate their own ideas and ascertain if their training and education and character fit them for public service of a nature consistent with those duties that embrace the care of their homes. As the strength of a nation depends upon the strength of the people, there is every reason why the women of China should strive to take their proper place in the conduct of national as well as domestic affairs."

(14) A World-Competition

We commend to our readers the world-competition presented by The New History Society of New York, U. S. A.

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A MEMORABLE HOLIDAY

(A Story)

By Miss H. Kaveri Bai

STRENUOUS work, six or seven weary hours a day in a dingy, stuffy office-room at Calcutta, nothing but papers, files and typewriters by way of scenery everywhere, and my nerves, after some years of drudging, were on the verge of collapse. I was advised to go to the seaside for a change. The few friends I had consulted recommended Z-, as an ideal place for sea-bathing and other facilities. But the regular hotels being too expensive, Allan Harvey, whom business often took to Z-, suggested a cheap private boarding-house kept by Miss Cleveland, where the fare was good and the land-lady a motherly sort of person. I was pleased, and set out on my longed-for holiday trip.

Arrived at Z-, and approaching the boarding-house, I was rather surprised to find no sign-board, as it were, but two plates on either side of the gate, one inscribed, 'Miss S. Cleveland,' and the other, 'The Woods!' It was a large bungalow with a rather neglected garden in front, and woods behind. Indeed, neglect was the chief feature of the whole place. I felt some misgivings at the sight of the building, whose musty discoloured walls peeling off in patches everywhere, loose bricks threatening to drop or already forming a debris at the foot, and old rotten subsiding roof showing bare patches of timber which alternated with areas covered with tiles—rather where the tiles were thrown about carelessly —plainly indicated the weathering of at least a century's suns and storms. The gate was open and I passed through, noticing no domestics about except the *Mali*, who was watering the plants. At the porch, Miss Cleveland met me, a dear little white-haired old lady with a gruff masculine voice and a shuffling gait. She spoke to me as if she had known me all my life and soon made me feel quite at home. She would not think of my going to my room and having a wash, before I had taken a cup of her early morning coffee. I observed that a bed of the dry leaves, flowers and twigs of the creeper on the porch, had lain undisturbed by the sweeper's brush for long, even on the steps leading to the verandah which formed a sort of sitting-room. The floor of the verandah was everywhere covered with bamboo matting, discoloured, dirty, antique, almost embedded in the pavement and gone in several places, with the uneven edges of the gaps dangerously sticking out. Dust and cobwebs greeted me at every step.

In the dining-room, there were more than half a dozen side-boards with several shelves all packed close with unused crockery and miscellaneous things like hurricane lanterns, spirit stoves, clay gogglets and others under their own layers of dust. The room itself was dark and though large enough was crowded with furniture, and portable screens, each with its own sheet of magazine pictures pasted over a surface of some thick paper. The only clean place was near the dining-table and the only clean utensils those in actual use. From the dining-room, I had a glimpse of the woods, with tall and stately trees and green undergrowth, which with the visiting birds and butterflies looked like a veritable paradise.

But I was not long in finding out that this paradise was inaccessible to ordinary mortals who chose the broad way of life. From the corridor into which the back-door of the dining-room opened, to step down into the narrow yard, which had to be traversed to reach the woods, was not an inviting task. There were rows of panniers for leghorns, bantams and other poultry birds and the place was dirty enough with baskets and brooms and other things to repel anyone. Some buildings seemed to have once stood at the entrance to the woods, considering the remnants of the walls that still existed and an opening where a wicket gate might have stood, besides heaps and heaps of debris strewn all over the place, from which cork, tamarind, neem, figs and palms rose to a towering height, overlooking pomegranates, custard-apples and other fruit trees of humbler stature. As if this were not enough to dissappoint the prospective excursionist, no effort seemed to have been made to clear the choking tangled masses of thorn, and, within an area round the gap of the wicket, the place seemed to lie some feet deep under

rubbish and muck of every imaginable description; old shoes, rags, unserviceable brushes, masses of fibre from ancient mattresses, broken crockery, empty tins, eggshells, bones and other unthinkable things. There was a row of rotten buildings forming the kitchens and servants' quarters, all, however, closed up except those in actual use. Even the servants did not seem to care for this paradise where only turkeys, geese, fowls, a peacock and a black cat like a witch's pet were the only creatures attached to the household, which appeared to be enjoying perfect bliss.

My luggage having been sent in advance, I now, accompanied by the land-lady, made for my own room, by a stair-case leading from the garden. Miss Cleveland told me a bit of her history. Her grandfather, who had been the master-mariner of the port in the fifties of last century, had owned the bungalow in its fresh and flourishing condition. His son, her own father, whose name is a by-word in Z-, even to this day, a part of the town going after his name, was a merchant. He had been several times chairman of the municipal council, held honorary posts on various committees, but lost his prestige with his own countrymen, by marrying an Anglo-Indian girl. Two daughters and a son were born of this marriage and the mother had passed away. The eldest at an early age had married a Scotchman and gone home to settle down permanently; the bright young son was cut off in the prime of life, whereas she, Sarah, the younger daughter, had been her father's sole companion and comfort, and faithful nurse in his old age. There had been some bad years in trade and a great loss in some speculation, which had left Mr. Cleveland a ruined man in middle life. Thereafter, the property had begun to be neglected and even when she succeeded to it, Miss Cleveland could do very little. Now that she herself was quite old, it was not worth while to think of repairing or restoring it. The only way in which she could make a living was by letting out her rooms to lodgers, and running a hotel. However, as she had no means to pay a hotel tax, she could not have a sign-board, and her customers dropped in like private guests. Such an artless story could not fail to prepossess my mind towards the old woman.

I could not exactly make out the architectural design, for the main building had no top floor, whereas I had noticed a terrace overlooking the woods from the back of the house and one also over the line of the servants' quarters, while my rooms with a balcony seemed to be situated on a floor over the one-time stables. As we reached the landing and traversed the intervening space towards my door, I found that the flooring was of loose planks, so rudely joined that looking down I could see through the creaking joints. My room was a furnished one, containing a bedstead, a bookshelf, a dressing-table, some chairs and tables which might have been ancient before the Flood. My bath room however was the limit. It was only five feet by six, something temporarily partitioned for the purpose, and containing a zinc bath and some other toilet utensils in keeping with the rest of my furniture. I wondered whether the flooring, more rotten than anything I had yet seen, would not suddenly choose to give way and dump the bather, tub and all, to the bottom of the stables before he would be aware of a catastrophe. The rafters everywhere were mere shells in places where the white ants had destroyed them and stood patched up here and there, now and then the loose ends of broken ones hanging down.

I felt many misgivings, but, being assured

by the land-lady that the roof had stood in the self-same manner for years and was not likely to give away during the brief period of occupation, I resolved to put on a brave front. There were advantages that could not be easily overlooked, by way of excellent fare at cheap rates, only forty rupees per mensem, the bill including rent and hot water for the bath if preferred. Miss Cleveland not only supervised the cooking, but served with her own hands the food to be taken to the rooms of such of her customers who did not choose to join the others at the table. Apart from this, she often indulged us in our personal tastes in the matter of dishes. As for liberty, we had the freedom of the whole house so long as we did not tresspass on the rights of the other lodgers. Everything said and done, I was definitely in for an outdoor life and complete abandonment, and what with the sea-bathing, the excursions, pictures, dances and carnivals, it was very little time that a fellow would spend in his apartments.

Except when it rained, I took care to sleep on the terrace adjoining my room which though worn out looked stronger than any other area upstairs and had the whole sky with its glittering canopy of stars, instead of a collapsing roof. Piled against a wall of my room stood a number of package boxes with a pyramid of empty flower pots that did not seem to be in requisition. Often there were bones and other relics of a meal lying on these cases brought from the kitchen or from poaching by stray cats or rats to be left there after use for crows to pick in the morning.

Apart from temporary lodgers like me, who kept dropping in and out for brief periods, the only permanent occupant I saw was a Miss Holden, a teacher in one of the European schools. The others had kept their rooms, but had gone to spend their summer elsewhere. Miss Holden had an Indian complexion, and though she was extremely careful regarding her facial make-up, her indifferently-powdered long sleeveless arms and long bare legs—of course she usually wore shoes without stockings—did not seem to belong to the owner of the fair face. When I was there, Miss Holden was the unfortunate victim of a sad episode which earned for her the uncomplementary epithet of *Wall-flower,* bestowed on her by certain uncharitable guys.

It came about in this way. We had the Empire Day dance on 24th May. A stringed band was in attendance. Though the Europeans had their own exclusive function elsewhere, there was quite a large colony of Anglo-Indians to furnish a big gathering at the Club, where all the public functions of the colony took place. Miss Cleveland was in charge of the buffet. Owing to sultry weather, the regular dancing hall was abandoned for an open-air court round which the seats were arranged. The beauties and gallants came trooping in, looking quite transformed in their ball-dresses from their every-day appearance. For the sake of courtesy, I had booked Miss Holden for one of the dances, and had even asked Miss Cleveland, who however declined the offer on account of her age and also for having to supervise the catering. There were some very lovely girls, who condescended to dance with me, and particularly, Lynnet Hardaker who looked serenely beautiful with her long black tresses done up in two braids, presenting such a dignified contrast to the bobbed young ladies. Many of the chaps danced with the same partners for several rounds and I could not help concluding that most of them had been led by other considerations than by a mere fascination of the charms of their partners. There was a fat women, with a great deal of her person exposed, who I strongly suspected was panting as she did her steps; another was very much older than her partner, and, yet a third, a mere chit of a girl, ghastly white, and a few more who were decidedly less attractive than many of the young ladies present. These were asked for every dance, whereas some of the good-looking ones had not their cards so full.

But never a fellow had the grace to ask Miss Holden for a turn. She had arrived in the company of two of the most charming girls, Norma Lee and Sheila Waring, who sat on either side of her near the entrance to the enclosure. Norma and Sheila were repeatedly led away, and Miss Holden was ignored as if she had never existed, though there were several fellows disengaged and emptying glass after glass of champagne at the bar, who might have come to her rescue. She endured this slight for some time, since I had led her for one dance at least, — having already a full programme I could do nothing more for her — but in the intervals when the partners drew their

chairs to sit near their girls, each fellow resting one arm on his lady's chair and bending over her knee as he whispered to her, or calling for refreshments, the position of the luckless young woman between the favoured two was intolerable beyond description. Not a guy to order an ice cream or cool drink for the poor creature nor to address a word, if it were but to recognise her presence there. I saw her sitting mute and motionless like a stone image, but when the band started again for the next trot and Sheila and Norma were whirled away for the third or fourth time I noticed Miss Holdenshort up like a jack-in-the-box, step into the shadow of the Club building and disappear into the outer darkness. I should say that the humiliation experienced by Miss Holden was nothing compared to the outrage felt by Miss Cleveland, as if she herself had been the object of such a slight and she did not spare her opinion of the young men at the bar who might have shown a little courtesy to her.

Now I come to the grand point in my holiday experiences. After dinner, if we did not stroll out to the beach or to the pictures, we usually played bridge in the sitting-room, being joined by other friends who were not lodgers. Among the regular visitors were young Mr. and Mrs. Travers, son and daughter-in-law of old Mrs. Travers, a qualified midwife. At these parties we passed a most enjoyable evening discussing all sorts of topics. On one occasion, earthquakes furnished us a more than passing interest in the subject, for they were days when the newspapers reported earth-tremors every day, following the disastrous quakes of Bihar and Quetta. Since the effect of the former was felt far and wide in India, each of us had something to relate about our own personal experience of the same. Young Mr. Travers had never felt it at all. He seemed to have been going on his bike at the time of the occurence and never noticed it, and what more, nearly half the population of Z- did not know about it either only heard about it from others, like himself. His wife, however, had something different to say. She said, she had been standing before the mirror, dressing her hair, when all of a sudden she rocked and was thrown against the dressing table. She recovered herself, but crashed again for the second time. 'I thought I was going to faint, for I get these fits often—you see I am very anaemic—but the picture-frames and furniture were all rattling, and then I guessed it must be the earth-quake. I ran into the sitting-room shouting for Muriel and Leslie (her children), who were playing in the lane, and when the children came in we closed the door and knelt down and prayed. But, when Bob returned in the evening, he said, he had only heard about it but knew nothing himself. However, he told me that it had been a great mistake to call the children in, for the first thing to do when a shock occurs is for everybody in the house to clear out, lest the building collapse and bury us alive. But dear me, what is going to happen with all these earth tremors every other day ? May be the end of the world is coming.'

'I believe we will be wise to be prepared for flight any moment, keeping our valuables and most necessary things handy for any emergency,' put in Norton.

'I should not have thought your building could withstand a shock, Miss Cleveland;' I remarked. 'To my mind, it cannot survive a severe gale.' 'It is God, sonny, who protects a helpless old woman like me,' she observed philosophically; 'I am sure that in my lifetime no harm will come to this building. So, don't you be worried about it.'

Every time it rained, I had observed that the old woman never slept, for like a wraith she roamed about the house, lantern in hand, and confessing to us on the following morning that she had spent most of the night in vigil, praying for the safety of her guests. I understood that her conscience denied her rest for assuring us of the safety of such a dilapidated building, when we might be trapped in it any moment that it suddenly collapsed. On this occasion, a slight shower followed by ominous signs in the sky and the troubled groaning of the sea caused the party to break up abruptly. The visitors hastened home, while we retired to our rooms and rested. I fell asleep with my mind full of earth-quakes.

It was about midnight when the shock occurred, with a violence, that not only roused me from my sleep but almost threw me out of my bed. Half-dressed as I was, I rose, snatched up my suit-case packed ready for an emergency, and in the twinkling of an eye dashed downstairs yelling all the while to warn Miss Cleveland and Miss Holden,'The quake; the quake, make for the garden at once, everybody', I kept shouting at the top of my voice.

'Miss Cleveland, the earthquake; oh,

where is the light? Run into the garden for your life,' were the piercing shrieks uttered by Miss Holden as she flew out of the house in her night-dress. The tremendous crash which woke me up was followed by others, as Miss Holden rushed out, and upstairs I heard the frantic barks of a dog perhaps caught in some debris. In our panic, we never stopped shouting our alarm, for we wanted to waken our neighbours. I searched the darkness within the house with my gaze for Miss Cleveland, but like a ghost with her lantern in her hand she had come up from behind and was already by our side. Throwing her disengaged arm round Miss Holden's neck, in a re-assuring way, she whispered, 'Oh stop that noise dearie,' and then lifting her lantern to my face, said, '*Shoo* sonny, you will be bringing all the neighbours about us here. There is really nothing wrong. Go back to your rooms, you two young ones.'

Miss Holden, trembling all over still, stared at her, while my own face fell. 'But what about the crash? Surely you must have heard it, and I was almost pitched out of my bed,' I asked in amazement, wondering even then, why Cicero was still barking so vehemently. The dogs in the neighbourhood had already joined in the chorus.

'I did hear the crash, sonny' she replied. 'Just let me tell you how it happened. I was doing the accounts at the dining-table and Cicero was sitting on it watching me. By and by, a tabby crossed the room with a wee little chick in her mouth and the wretched dog sprang at her, and chased her upstairs. The crash made me start violently, but I know it was the package boxes and flower pots tumbling down. I am sure that the fall shook the floor, as it is only planks and your bed must have rocked too. I was just coming round from the back to go up and call Cicero, and here you are in the meanwhile, the two of you, scared out of your wits and raving like Bedlamites. And this young lady has knocked down everything in her way, rushing out headlong, in her nightie. Go dearie, go back and lie down.'

Miss Holden shook with laughter at the story; but I felt dying with mortification at the thought of the fool I had made of myself. I think lights moved about in some of the neighbouring houses and some people looked out of their windows to see what was amiss, but, as the alarm had abruptly subsided, they thought no more about it. Only some chid their dogs for setting up such a howl.

Miss Cleveland followed me upstairs with her light. The scene was exactly what we expected to find, after Miss Cleveland had explained away the 'Earthquake.' The flower pots were all on the floor, smashed and with their contents scattered all over the place. Not even our presence and his mistress's rebukes could restrain the dog from flying at his enemy, whenever she showed herself from behind the largest box where she was hiding. The lane was too narrow for Cicero to get at her, but he made up for it by furious barks. I went down once more for his chain, and, once he was leashed, he was taken down, protesting and digging his nails into the boards.

This, my first experience of the real panic of an earthquake, was a thrilling culmination to my precious holiday.

THE ERMINE COAT

By Eric Hardy, F. Z. S.

As the pale light of Venus cast thin grey shadows from the moorland rocks after the sun had sunk into the West, and before the moon had risen, the ghost of a form crept forth from a crevice, sat up a moment upon its hind legs, clutching its breast with its little forepaws just long enough to look over the top of the rock, then dropt down again and nimbly leapt between the stones and out into the night. Silent as a shadow, the little white hunter moved on to the thin layer of snow that covered the heather and the mat-grass over the peat, and so soon as it reached the great white silence was lost to view, save for the black tip to its tail that bobbed up here and there as it moved forwards.

Obviously, the ermine stoat had a purpose in view, as it hurried between the rocks and over the snow down the hillside. The night was cold and the wind blew steadily from the north, drifting small flakes of snow before it as the white form hurried down, but evidently it was not the coldness of the night that drove it from the moors: it was the desolation of the place. No bird moved: no other furred creature occupied the hills: not even a remnant of the *cache* of dead rabbit, that the stoat had carried up the hill and buried beneath the snow, remained. The creature would have made a permanent occupation of the farm for which it was heading, only that the daytime work of the farmer with his dogs and ferrets would sooner or later have discovered him.

By the time the stoat reached the sheep troughs in the last meadow before the gaunt grey stones of the farmhouse, the moon had come up and was sending its own eerie glow over the landscape. A rat scurried out hissing in alarm as the stoat leapt under the trough and tore the fur from its back in its hastiness. Evidently the stoat knew there was easier prey ahead, for it bothered not about the fleeing rat, but continued to the farmyard, passing down the field by the shadows of the stone wall until it found a space large enough for its lithe body to squeeze through. In the farmyard, there was a very medley of rat and mice calls, as the rodents scurried about the stables and the cowsheds, for, despite the snow on the fellside, it was mild enough in the valley.

In and out of the stables and the old pig-sties, the stoat began its strange dance, chasing the rats as soon as it had lured them near enough. The fowl-house was new, and stoat-proof, but the stoat sniffed the scent of a fell-fox that had been scratching at the floor-boards, and instinctively the little white hunter turned away.

So the hunt went on until a strange noise along the highway alarmed Ermina the stoat, sufficiently for it to utter its peculiar cry, like the knocking of two flints together. But it did not run away; something strange about the noise, which was that of a car in low gear climbing the rough, hill-road, fascinated it who had not heard it before. Gradually the sound came nearer. The stoat was curious, but not frightened, for its foes to be feared were always quiet and stealthy in their approach. Suddenly, the car turned round into the farmyard and the full glare of the headlights lit upon the little animal sitting there, so that they dazzled it before its long white form could bolt across the cobbles and escape in the darkness around.

"Oh look!" the woman called to the driver, "Look at that lovely white animal! What was it?" The farmer had now pulled up under the shed that served for garage, saw-pit, lumber-room and dog-kennel. The old man smiled at his young boarder's excitement, as each new object of country-life caught her eye. She had come from the town to stay the week "in the country", and it was her first visit to the hill-farm. "It was a stoat," the farmer explained with great emphasis "And what's a stoat?" the young

lady asked before he had time to continue. "It's the *wurst* varmint after the crow and the fox, miss, but that was an ermine stoat. It was a white one." "Don't you often get white stoats then ?" "Not often down here, miss, but they always turns white up on the hills when the snows come; they say they can hunt better; 'ee's probably come down from the hills to feed."

Indeed Ermina had turned white specially for the winter, for born amongst the clefts of the rocks during the warmth of a spring day, it had for the summer worn a coat of warm-brown above, with the palest of sulphur-yellow below. Only the black tip to her tail and her pale yellow belly now remained from that coat, for so soon as the first snows fell her coat gradually turned to white, first by an untidy, patchwork arrangement that blended well with the mixed landscape of patches of snow alternating with brown peat and grey rock, in which she and her brothers and sisters hunted. But, one by one, the other stoats had been trapped or shot raiding the farmsteads, or when the gamekeepers came their rounds. By the time Ermina acquired her full white winter coat and no longer shivered in the cold of the hillsides, she was the last of her litter.

"Why didn't you kill it?" was the reply the town-visitor received when she related her experience to her mother inside the farm kitchen." "Kill it!" the young lady shrugged her shoulders. "It would have made a nice fur," the farmer's wife added with a smile. "Yes, ermine is to be worn at the Coronation, I hear," continued the other lady.

The mention of the coronation brought a new interest to the young woman. That night she thought so much about ermine and coronations that she dreamed she, too, possessed an ermine coat. Next morning she asked an old mole-trapper, who came to the farm, if he could get her a stoat, for they had seen one the night before. At first, the old man was reluctant; trapping stoats on the bleak hillside at that time of year was not a job for one of his age, but at last he accepted it at the price of £1.

He was still on the job when the townfolk left for home, so he was to send the skin as soon as he got it. His traps, baited with the warm flesh of rabbits and pigeons, did not attract Ermina. She was wise to the smell of cold steel, even if human hands had carefully avoided touching it. The old trapper could not then risk the journey up the fells to try and trace her lair; he set his traps each night by the farmyard-wall at every possible hole a stoat could pass through. "There ain't no stoat here!" he told the farmer when his traps remained untouched, "I told you we cleared the lot of them out afore winter." "Perhaps it was only the light we saw!" the old farmer laughed.

At last came the spring, with the snows departed, and the old trapper made his way to the hills, where the gamekeeper would have work for him. There, on his way, he came across the tracks of Ermina around the remains of a newly-killed field-mouse. The food was fresh, and only partly eaten, so he rightly expected the little hunter to return again that night. Carefully he set his trap, baiting it with the carcase of the field-mouse and hiding the steel beneath bracken and litter. Next morning he came early and retrieved the limp creature that lay in the trap.

The trapper's daughter, who had gained a scholarship to the Grammar School in town, wrote the letter her father did not know to write, asking the town folk if they still wished to buy a stoat skin. Joyfully, the young woman accepted the offer, and sent the pound by return. Next day, every worker in the office knew she was to have an ermine coat. So the old trapper skinned the stoat and posted the pelt forthwith. "The easiest money I ever earned," he remarked to his wife.

Smiles faded quickly when the little parcel arrived in town. "Doesn't look very big for a coat!" the young woman remarked before she opened it. "They never do these days!" her father interrupted. Then the storm broke. Instead of a white ermine skin there lay in the paper the warm brown

fur of a common stoat. "I...I can't wear this!" the young woman protested. "I hope not!" said her father. "What's it all about, anyway?"

When at last the matter had been threshed out, it transpired that the white stoat had in spring turned again to the warm brown colour of its summer pelt, for the *ermine* was only the stoat's winter coat, and the stoat was such a little animal that it would take hundreds of it to make an ermine coat. All of which was as much news to the young woman as the very name of *stoat* when first she had met the creature. "Well," she added, "It's the worst way I've wasted a pound yet!"

REMINISCENCES

"ALONE amid the immensity of nature, with none to disturb the current of my thoughts, I see before me visions of the past age, a past that has been a strange mixture of pain and pleasure. The life that we once have led in the physical self retains itself in a condensed form in the realm of the mind, and in memory we live it once again in a stronger intensity than before! Strange that it should be so!

Maya, the solace of my soul, the refuge of my heart, where do you hide from me today? Why do I not feel your arms entwining me as before? Full in the lull of your heavenly realm, have you forgotten aught of me? Nay, forgive me, I insult you not. Faithful alike in life and death you are to me, my beloved, and this humble human raised to a pinnacle so lofty and divine by the sanctity of your love, shall never harbour a thought that will sully our bond!

Shadows of the past — some strangely beauteous, others hideously mocking, haunt me strongly today! In my school days, when with my bundle of books safely hugged within my arm, I wended my way to my destination, little Maya's rippling laughter would intercede my passage as I crossed the gateway of her home. Struggling to escape from the hands of her attendant, she would run up to me tottering and falling, and, mischief-loving little lass as she was, would compel me to put down all my books and, not until she had finished scanning all the pages in search of pictures, would she allow me to go my way. Afraid of being marked late, I would run the rest of the way to make up for lost time!

Marked victims of a pre-ordained fate are we, humans. What wonder then that she should pick me out, even though I was a stripling lad in his teens, and appoint me as Maya's tutor when she came to school-going age. Maya, remember you those days? When I as the tutor and you as the taught, we spent our time so happily together? Mornings and evenings I sat by your side and taught you, or was it you who taught me, Maya? Perhaps so. You taught me of something far sweeter and nobler than the rudiments that I taught you. Wild, spirited thing that you were, you taxed my patience in no small degree by your anties and folics. Yet, strange that I could never think of paining you by a word or a look even! Friendless and penniless, destined to cut my own way in the world, would I have known any joy in my life, if you, oh sunshine of my soul, had not dawned upon the horizon of my life! And dawning, you have never set. Still before me shines that beauteous vision—the light that has guided me through many a darkened bye-path. Once and only once did an eclipse hide you.

This seat of stone—so inert and lifeless to the sight—can unfold my tale if it will. It is a sacred spot to me,—my place of pilgrimage—holding as it does the sweetest and bitterest moments of my life. That the sweet and the bitter should thus go together! It sounds an anomaly. Yet it is a fact as well. Maya, before me dawns that day, when at the hour of eve, we wandered forth hand-in-hand. The sun was fast fading in the skies and, as its crimson rays played upon your face, it gave you a touch of halo and ethereal charm such as no mortal face could ever have. It fades not from my recollection still! Our lips were dumb as we drifted on our way, but our hearts were waxing eloquent in a language known only to themselves. Words are mere empty babblings to

compete with the inner subtle touch of love. When we reached this seat of stone with the flowing river musing beside it, the spot enchanted you, Maya, and you bade me pause there awhile. You sat beside me and queried—' Gopinath, why this shade of gloom upon your face today? This balmy hour, this sombre sky, this whispering breeze and the murmuring brook—and with me beside you—what more do you need to charm away the sadness of your heart?' —' Maya,' I answered back—' see you the deepening gloom on mother Nature's heart. The sun has vanished from her face and a premonition takes me that the sun of my life shall be snatched from my side, leaving me blank and saddened for ever. To live in the present, forgetful of the morrow is not in my nature. Maya, why have you linked your fate with mine, my love? All that I see looming ahead in our thinly-veiled future must happen to-day or tomorrow. It cannot be averted. How dared you so cast your love upon this beggar-lad? Home I have none to offer you, no wealth for your comfort and no servants to lackey you. How can you, Maya, reared as you are on a bed of roses, accustom yourself to a life such as mine? Did I not err in taking you to this, knowing everything fully? My conscience reproaches me sadly.'—' Gopinath, you never took me to this. I came of my own accord, you must know. You hid your love within you, you proud beggar, and showed to me a masked and adamant front. But love needs no spoken language and when I stole into your heart and caught you unawares, I gleaned the truth. Greedily I cried — alms, sire, alms to quench the hunger of my heart and thirst of my soul. Then and then alone did you shower all your untold wealth upon me. And hence is it not I—whom you term wealthy—who turned herself the beggar and begged of you, oh proud lord of love. And in that beggary, we were equalised. I have heard it spoken of — Death, the leveller, and it seems to me that love is equally another leveller. Home you have none, you say and no comforts for our life. Do I seek them? If I had, would I have cast them all aside and followed in your wake? This sylvan paradise shall be our home, this carpet of grass our bed, and the smiling sky a roof above us. There is no purer beverage than what this brook provides us and these trees laden with luscious fruits shall pacify our hunger. Thus, full in the lavish bounties of nature, we shall be happy, supremely so. This freedom of enjoyment we can never have, if we let ourselves be imprisoned within walls, with the conventional institution of marriage and all the other superficialities following in its train! As if love needs a sanction outside itself! No conches need sound, no drums shall beat; . what ceremony to those whose hearts have met? A love such as ours, Gopinath, goes beyond all mortal calculations. It is a touch of our souls, and no power on earth or heaven shall mar its beauty or sanctity. Does not your heart fully echo my sentiments as well?'

"It does, Maya. Truly no mortal is more blessed than I am. I have not dared to hope to find in this dry, sordid world a kindred soul that can tune itself to the beatings of my own heart. Maya, perhaps we meet not like strangers in this life of ours. Perhaps we have linked our lives in ages past and perhaps will carry on our faith for ages yet to come. Yet, can I hope to have you beside me throughout this life of mine? I cannot shake off this gloom of my heart, Maya. It comes on stronger than ever. We are but runaways. Life is only a Tantalus' cup. There will be a storm brewing behind us to overstep the tranquility of our lives, the moment we feel ourselves linked in the security of the present happiness!"

' Enough of this gloomy forebodings, Gopinath. You are sullying the beauty of the hour by your silly remarks'; and slipping down from the stony bench, she sat at my feet with her head reclining on my lap and her eyes dreamily looking up to the skies.

Gopinath, it strikes me that the life of the world ordinarily led—a life of eating, drinking and procreation—is so *blase* and bizarre. Is there not a higher, sweeter and a purer life than the animal life we are accustomed to enter into? A life that transcends everything earthy—a life half human, half divine! Often in my dreamy moments have I found myself floating on into a beauteous realm with you beside me, Gopinath, and, when I am rudely awakened to the grim actuality of this life, I struggle under a sense of seething suffocation! Would that I had the strength to cut myself off from all bondages and flee away merrily into that freedom of aninfinite expense that I so yearn for! If what I see in my vision be a prophacy of a life that we should lead after we unwind the shackles of this world, I am not saddened. Like children

that respond to the call of the mother, we shall leave our ashes here, and contiune our life in another world. And if destiny be so cruel as to snatch off the one before the other, there is still no cause for sorrow. Death lacks the power to close its portals against the magic of this divine bond, and separation—if it is a separation—only tightens it more than ever. Separation is for flesh and blood; neither for the heart nor for the soul'—thus drifted on Maya in the soft caressing whisper of her voice and it fell like a soothing lullaby over my troubled heart. Like a lisping infant that babbles on in its mystic language all the mysteries hidden within its depths, unheedful of its coherence to others, so was Maya in this mood of hers. And I watched, afraid to stir or wake her, lest the golden thread of her thoughts be snapped asunder.

The twilight hour deepened and a hush pervaded all around us. And, with the music of Maya's heart echoing into mine, and with our hearts music attuned to the music of the stars, I sat dazed and stupefied. No language can voice out the ecstasy of the moment, no pen can portray the sublime beauty of the hour. Only those that have experience can understand!

Thus we sat, my Maya and I, losing count of time, she engrossed in her dreamy reflections and I entranced by the haunting melody of her shapsody. So dead were we to all outer things that it startled me like a thunder-bolt from the blue to find my Maya rudely snatched from my side by a ruthless alien hand. A host of men like messengers of death stood surrounding me. And they were Maya's protectors—her father, brother, kith and kin. They had caught the culprit red-handed, who, while depending on their charity and generosity, had stolen the brightest jewel of their home. What punishment would be meet for that monster of ingratitude! And I think that I was subjected to some punishment at their hands — my skin bore many marks of some unkind dealing. If it did, I was unconscious of it at that hour, for I, the real conscious self of mine, was fleeing after the vanishing form of Maya. 'Maya, Maya,' I shrieked forth in agony, 'Do we thus part for ever?' The mocking echo of my voice was the only answer I received and the realisation came to me that I was alone—alone for ever!

There lurks comedy behind every tragedy, and there is no comedy without an element of the tragic somewhere within it. Like night and day, those dual characteristics always go together and act the complement to each other perhaps! And there indeed lies the funny and humourous side of life!

Maya, how darkened and dreary were the hours of my existence during those days of your eclipse! And one night, while deep in the arms of slumber, I felt her calling me—'Gopinath, I have gained my freedom. We shall be together hereafter. Fear not and worry not. Maya is yours for ever'—and I felt her presence near me. Awakened, I could see nothing. A hallucination of the brain, I thought, and calmed myself to rest again. Later, I found that it was not. Her freedom she had found in death, and thus she came to me and comes to me still. Those, that robbed me of her once, now suffer the loss, and I, the then loser, have gained to-day. Then, love's tragedy blasted my hopes and blighted my life. Now, love's comedy brightens my life and rekindles my heart. Maya, while in life you have mocked at death, now you have vanquished death and are living still.

Seated again in this holy place, the soft wind often brings to me her messages of love. Most times she comes to me herself like an arch-angel fluttering down from the heavens. And, with her arms entwined around me, we wander forth into these Utopian realms of which she often spoke to me in life. Maya, you are the dream of my life and the life of my dreams. In you lie the secret of my joy and the hope of my life. And, when others call me the brooding maniac, my heart beats with an exultation of joy —a joy I can share with none but you.

— '*The Wanderer*'

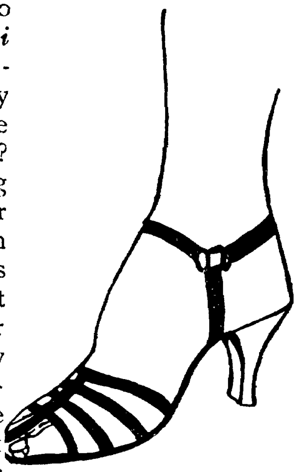
OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

1. Those small details

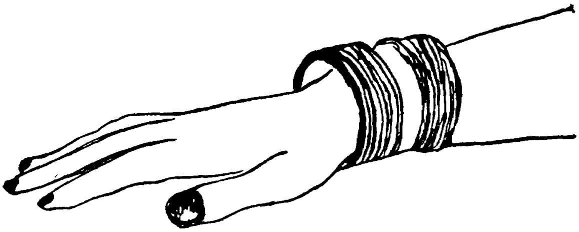
Western fashions to-day advocate the careful study and manipulation of every detail. Each curl has to be kept in position, every wave in the hair created in the right place, every brooch and clasp made to match the whole *ensemble*, the nails of one's hands polished with the right shade, and one's feet pedicured to perfection. There is no doubt that this devout homage paid to the details of one's toilet and dress adds a charm and beauty to a woman's appearance that no amount of care on the mere essentials alone can ever produce !

The rose in your hair must be fixed at the correct angle.

Many Indian women slur over the cut of the bodice, the colour of their glass bangles, their *coiffure* and the choice of jewels, when they "dress up". There is no doubt that the *sari* covers many defects; but need they be careless because of this advantage ? Consider the placing of a rose in your hair. How much nicer it looks if it is fixed at the correct angle! Consider your foot-wear. How much more beautiful if it is some thing that will suit the sari! Consider the kind of blouse your wear with the sari. How much more charming if it is cut to suit the texture of the sari material ! Consider the bangles your wear. How much more lovely if you match them to the exact shade of your dress !



Consider your foot-wear.



—and the bangles you wear.

—*Sister Susie*

2. Sari Vagaries

I was much amused the other day at seeing some of the designs for *evening dress saris* given in the *Illustrated Weekly of India*. These were nothing but bits of scarves draped across and anyhow over Western dresses. They were beautiful no doubt, and the skirts matched the scarves in every way: but the style could by no means be called Indian. Funny and bizarre seems the fashion, and not even quaint! This being so, I was glad to observe in the same paper on another day, that the dictum was laid down by some one that the sari should not be mutilated, but should be worn as a whole, as otherwise it would not be the Indian national dress. Very wise advice indeed !

Mrs. Hillyarc, who is on a world tour from California, lately praised the sari in the *Madras Mail*, as the most beautiful garment she had seen. "It was very picturesque and practical."

She made various strictures regarding the sari, some of which I am afraid we will not agree with :

1. Saris should be worn with borders woven into the texture and not sewn on. Why ? What will the modern Indian young woman with her *georgette* draperies and her

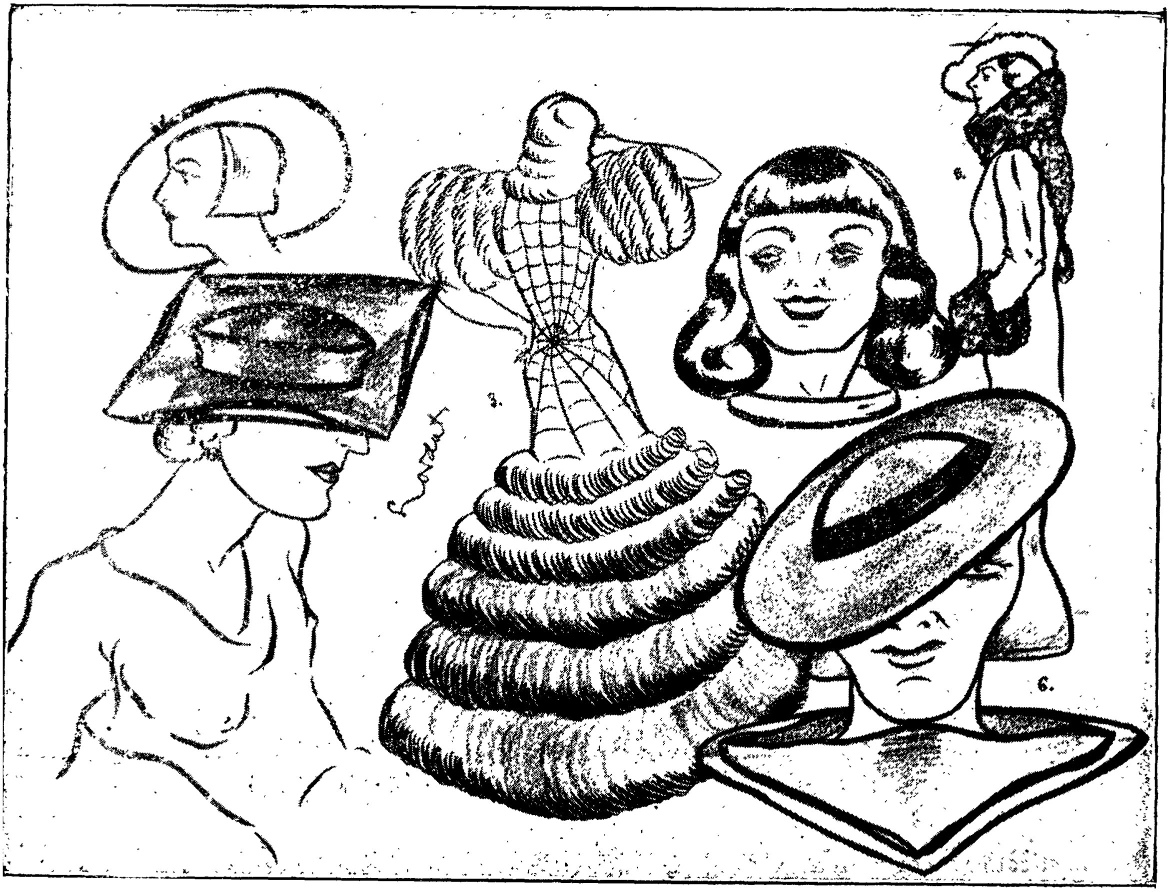
Baroda borders have to say to that? She would lose one of her best interests in life, I am afraid!

. . .

2. She did not like bobbed hair with saris. Quite right, I say; but will that be borne out by modern Indian women? Anyhow, hair is being grown again, I think. Mrs. Hillyarc liked flowers in the hair, I am glad to say.

3. She does not like an "Oxford shoe with a beautiful sari." Again, why? I think high-heeled and slender shoes are one of the few Western styles, which go with a sari. They may not be practical and may look absurd; but they do suit a sari, I think; and I have heard this affirmed by several of my friends! Elegant sandals, of course are the perfection wear with saris; but why be dogmatic about them?

—*Sister Susie*



3. Fantastic Novelties of London Fashion

BY MICHAEL LORANT

During no other season have so many curiosities in the field of fashion been produced as in this one. The chief and most interesting novelties are as follows:

1. *Straw hat in winter:*— In the summer, large felt hats were worn by London girls. When winter came, while retaining the same form, they changed the

material to that of a special Panama straw. It is believed that these hats are hotter than those made of felt.

2. "*Fourcornes*":—This is a new form of hat similar to that worn by the coachman of the good old days. The crown is very low and it has a curled brim which tapers down to a point giving a fourcorne touch to the hat at the top. It is made of the finest green velour.

3. *The Spider's web evening frock*:—This is a white net evening gown, on the back of which a spider's web design is sewn in black sequines. It is a very popular style and every fashionable London lady now has a pet dog and, of course, a pet spider.

4. *The Cleopatra coiffure*:— Two thousand years ago, Cleopatra wore a somewhat similar "bob." It was just an old Egyptian custom which after the passing of centuries has now been reincarnated. The fashion consists of long hair sweeping down to the shoulders with a straight cut fringe across the forehead and the side-tresses framing the face.

5. *Fur Collar with tail*:— This fur collar is buttoned up to the winter coat, but it does not end at the neck, being continued down to the waist where it finishes in a tail. As I understand from the fashion experts, the tails of the next year's fur collars will reach to the ankles.

6. *Life-jeopardizing head-gear*:— The whole idea started when young ladies thought it was the latest fashion to screen one side of the face with the brim of the hat. Then it dropped still lower and to-day it has reached the line of the mouth. London is the city with the most road-accidents. How can a fashionable London girl see approaching motor vehicles, if the brim of her hat obscures her vision. Well, but fashion is more important than life. Isn't it so?

BOOK REVIEWS

1. *THE STORY OF PROPHECY:*

By Henry James Forman (Cassel)

How few, if any, can resist the fascination of prediction! Who among us is not interested in the future? Even though the interest may be purely selfish, and when prognostications come from various sources and still foretell similar events, it is impossible for the most sceptical to remain uninterested. And, when predictions for the future are supported by predictions which have been made in the past and which have proved to be more or less accurate, it would be merely obstinacy to deny the possibility of accurate prophecy, whether it is made in the form of inspired visions, by scientific calculations based on the measurements of the pyramids, by means of astrology, or by any other of the numerous methods by which certain individuals are able to see into the future.

In *The Story of Prophecy*, is an amazing collection of famous prophecies which have already been fulfilled and many others which are still awaiting fulfilment. The author appears to have made a hobby of collecting these prophecies and has accumulated a mass of intensely interesting information. He remarks that "it is difficult to find a prophet, whose average is a hundred per cent correct"; but in many cases the average appears sufficiently high to be uncomfortably convincing, and he quotes Cicero as saying, "never could the oracle of Delphi have been so overwhelmed with significant presents from all kings and nations, had not all the ages proven the truth of its oracles." That true and direct oracles must have been numerous can alone explain the survival of Delphi as an oracular shrine for hundreds of years.

It has always been a mystery to me

why anyone should treat the vapid vapourings of H. G. Wells seriously and he appears to have proclaimed his ignorance pretty effectually in the following passage which the author quotes from Wells' "Outline of History", in which he speaks of the pyramids as "unmeaning sepulchral piles ... of an almost incredible vastness, erected in an age when engineering science had scarcely begun,"—in the reigns of the three kings, Cheops, Chephren and Mycerinus.

Among prophecies for the future, there seems to be a consensus that Paris will be completely destroyed by fire, and we are told that Prince Wilhelm will come to the throne of Germany before the end of the present year, while Hitler is to meet his downfall as a consequence of a civil war; the overthrow of Mussolini is also predicted for the present year. There is to be an Eastern war, probably between Russia and Japan, in 1938. The United States will pass through a critical period between 1940 and 1942, and "Armageddon" takes place between September 1936 and August 20th, 1953.

The year 1936, the author states, has loomed large in prophecies for centuries past, and he quotes Nicholas Roerich, the famous artist, scholar and philosopher, whose home was in the Himalayas, as stating that "the year 1936 appears as truly momentous for human fate." The latter has pointed out, the author remarks, "that throughout the East, in India, Mongolia, even in Siberia, there is a tense expectancy that the forces of light are about to gain an appreciable advantage over the cohorts of darkness." He quotes passages from Roerich's book, *Altai-Himalaya*, in support of this statement. It is not to be denied that many events which took place in 1936 will have far-reaching effects on the history of the world, and the historians of the future may be able to point out the year of 1936 as one which was "truly momentous for human fate."

It is also interesting to note that in March, 1934, upon his arrival in New York from India, Professor Roerich told the author, while speaking of prophecies current in the East, "to mark especially June 11, 1936, as a predicted date of great significance. More than 2 years later, on June 12, 1936, the newspapers of the world announced that on the preceding day, the 11th, the Soviet Government of Russia had submitted for discussion to its people a new constitution establishing a bicameral parliament, the lower house to be elected by secret, universal ballot, freedom of speech, freedom of worship, and certain other liberties not therefore associated with that particular dictatorship. An undeniably momentous event for Russia, it may exert a far-reaching effect upon the entire world."

This particular chapter (Chapter XVI), which is concerned with more recent prophecies, concludes with the following reassuring statement: "The year 1936, in short, with which prophets have long been preoccupied, has the forces of light gaining the upper hand and turning the tide against the darkness so long pressing upon the world."

Altogether, *The Story of Prophecy* is an intriguing and intensely interesting book and likely to have a large sale. It can be confidently recommended to all who are interested in fortune-telling, clairvoyance, oracular statements and prophecy in every form; and who is not so?

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2. *THE WELL OF LONELINESS.*

By Miss Radclyffe Hall.

When the works of the majority of writers of fiction have long been forgotten, the writings of Miss Radclyffe Hall will remain, not only for their intrinsic merit—the author being a writer of quite exceptional brilliance—, but also because in the guise of fiction she has put before the public certain physiological and psychological facts of absorbing interest. These facts might well have been recorded in a purely scientific work, but in that case they would have only reached a limited number of readers and the message which this talented lady had to give to the world would have been confined to the

narrow circle of students of sexual psychology. It must be admitted that Miss Radclyffe Hall achieved her purpose far more efficiently by presenting her message in the form of high-class fiction. Concerning her famous book, *The Well of Loneliness*, that well-known writer, and perhaps the greatest authority on sex, Havelock Ellis, says:

"I have read *The Well of Loneliness* with great interest because—apart from its fine qualities as a novel by a writer of acomplished art — it possesses a notable psychological and sociological significance. So far as I know, it is the first English novel which presents, in a completely faithful and uncompromising form, one particular aspect of sexual life as it exists among us to day. The relation of certain people—who while different from their fellow human beings, are sometimes of the highest character and the finest aptitudes—to the often hostile society in which they move, presents difficult and still unsolved problems. The poignant situations, which thus arise, are here set forth so vividly, and yet with such complete absence of offence, that we must place Radclyffe Hall's book on the high level of distinction."

Miss Radclyffe Hall's sympathy with, and innate understanding of, dumb creatures has endeared her to all lovers of animals who will remember with pleasure and emotion her delightful descriptions and very touching accounts of animals in her books.

Many of her verses have been set to music, notably, *the Blind Ploughman*, set by Coningsby Clarke, several by Coleridge Taylor, Liza Lehmann, Woodeforde Finden, Mrs. George Batten, and others. For many years, she has taken a great interest in Psychical Research, and for some time she was a Member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research; she is also a Fellow of the Zoological Society. Her novel, *Adam's Breed*, which was published in 1926, was awarded the *Femina-Vie-Heureuse* prize and the *James Tait Black Memorial Book* prize for that year; also the gold medal of the *Eichelbergher Humane Award* in 1930.

Miss Radclyffe Hall is a prolific and versatile writer, but anything coming from her pen bears the hall mark of genius and already her contributions to English literature have assumed the dignity of standard works.

It is to be hoped that this gifted and cultured lady will be spared to contribute many more of her brilliant works for the pleasure, enlightenment and solace of this sorely troubled world.

—*Mea*

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

THE DARING OF DEVAKI

By E. K. Tampoe

CHAPTER I

Devaki looked to right and left of her, as she crept furtively through the drawing-room and out on to the verandah; then, seeing she was not being watched, she ran swiftly across the compound till, breathless, she reached the little summer-house appropriated by herself and her three younger brothers for their 'plot-hatching,' as their father laughingly called it.

She had not long to wait, for in another minute three figures like shadows glided noiselessly in, each giving a low "Pss-st!" as he, or she entered, for it was difficult to say to which sex the phantoms belonged.

Having given the signal in answer, Devaki, who was obviously the leader, motioned the three to sit on the floor beside her: then she began to unfold her plan.

"Let's hide Damayanti's jewels," she said softly, at which her listeners gasped; "because," she added hastily, "then she

can claim the insurance money, and when she's done that, we'll return them, and make a—an April Fool of her," finished Devaki with a mischevious grin that infected all who saw it.

"That'll be a jolly good punishment," agreed Ramachandra, "for all her uppishness about that tournament she won, won't it?"

"And we can make everyone laugh at her when we tell them about it afterwards," said Nesen gloatingly and then Thambi, the practical-minded one, asked, "But how're we going to do it, Devi?" At this question, the other two boys leant forward eagerly, all attention, their eyes glued on their sister's mischevious face, while they awaited her reply with bated breath.

Devaki had planned it all out clearly, and the plan had ripened in her active brain which, for a child of twelve, was extraordinarily good at forming and perfecting projects—though unfortunately they were mostly mischevious ones!

"Well," began Devaki solemnly, though her eyes were dancing with mischief:

"You know *Acca* will be going out on Monday for the whole day with mother? Well, we can do it then, because father will be busy in his study with his examination papers, and *Ayah* will be only too glad to go to the kitchen and talk.

"You see," she continued, "I alone know where her jewels are kept, only I don't know where she keeps the key of her drawer—that I must find out—and as for a hiding-place, this old banyan tree that shades this meeting-place is the very place—no one, not even the old *Mali* knows about our 'treasure-trove' in its innermost depths."

"And what do we do?" enquired Nesen impatiently, who had shown decided restlessness during the last part of this recital.

"You can see that *Ayah* is kept safely in the kitchen—since you're her favourite," replied his sister sarcastically; then, turning to the others she went on; "One of you had better keep the old *Mali* away from this quarter, and the other can be near father's office-room in case he wants to know how we're getting on;" she concluded with a laugh.

Ramachandra, her junior by a year, sprang to his feet and cried, "O. K. Devi!" the others echoed his words, and then, after a few more minutes spent in more detailed plans, the 'meeting' broke up, and the children raced indoors to get their books ready for school.

Damayanti, their eighteen-year-old elder sister, was on the verandah as they ran indoors, and she laid a detaining hand on Devaki's thick plait as that young lady passed her, saying teasingly, "Not so fast, athlete, there're visitors in the drawing-room; go round by the 'den'—meaning the children's playroom." With a saucy grin, the younger girl disengaged her plait from her sister's grasp and, beckoning to her brothers to follow, disappeared round the angle of the verandah.

Five minutes later, a young man came out of the drawing-room with his sister, a girl of about Damayanti's own age, whom he left with her, disappearing again whence he had come.

The two girls greeted each other, and then the new-comer asked, "what's your sister's name, Damayanti?"

"Devaki," replied the other, adding with a laugh, "you've seen her at least twenty times, haven't you; and only now you're interested in her;" and she laughed again.

"You're wrong, I'm afraid," retorted her friend, "because I've always had a weakness for mischevious children, and she certainly looks like one."

"She is mischievous, I assure you," agreed Damayanti with a rueful sigh, adding, "I shouldn't wonder if she's been brewing some fresh trouble for me." Her companion had no time to reply, for the next minute both girls were called into the draw-

ing-room, Damayanti little guessing how true her words would prove to be.

CHAPTER II

"Good-bye, dull care!" sang Devaki gaily, as she finished her coffee and left the table, preparatory to following her brothers into the garden.

"Why so musical?" queried her elder sister in a tone of amusement.

"Because" — began Devaki, then stopped, then, "because you're going away," she concluded.

"For that very reason," said Damayanti calmly, "I want you to help me while I'm here; come along upstairs."

Immediately the younger girl's eyes brightened, for here was the chance of finding out what she had not been able to do for the last two days, namely, the whereabouts of the all-important hiding-place of the key.

Rather wondering at Devaki's ready compliance, Damayanti led the way upstairs to her room, while her mother went to hers in order to pack a bag with requisites for one day to be spent at a friend's house.

Upstairs, the two girls were busy, the one with directing and the other with obeying with a meekness that astonished the elder girl.

Just as they finished, a car came up the drive, and they heard their mother calling them.

"Coming, mother!" called back Damayanti; then, hurriedly opening a small drawer which was locked, she took out a key and unfastened her jewel box, taking out an emerald necklace and putting it around her neck before bidding her sister lock the room after her departure.

Five minutes later, the car containing Damayanti and her mother drove down the drive, while Devaki, her brothers, and her father waved it out of sight; then they went indoors again, and life went on as usual for the household.

As soon as Dr. Santhi was in his office room, his youngest son posted himself on the verandah outside, presumably engaged in constructing Meccano models, though in reality to answer his parent's queries as to his brother's and Devaki's whereabouts and 'whatabouts' as he termed their doings.

Devaki, directly the car and her father were out of sight, sent Ramchandra to entice the gardener away from the appointed spot, while Nesen wheedled their old *Ayah* to go to the kitchen as they would not need her.

As soon as this part of her work was done, Devaki went upstairs, as calmly as the proverbial cucumber, to her sister's room, which she had not locked, and after entering, bolted the door on the inside before begining her daring plan. Quickly she took out the precious key, unlocked the cabinet, and soon had the jewel box in her hands.

She did not stay contemplating it for long, but refastened the cabinet, replaced the key, and left the room through her own, which adjoined it. Pausing in this latter apartment, she took out a small tiffin basket from a cupboard, into which she put the jewel box, and then she went downstairs, the innocent-looking luncheon basket under her arm, innocent because they often had 'pic-nics' in the compound.

She reached the garden in safety, and was just about to make her way to the tree, when her father's voice accosted her from the verandah.

"Hullo," he cried jovially, "celebrating your liberty with a feast?" Before she could answer, he went into his study again, and so she continued on her way, keeping a wary look-out for the gardener, who, however, had been cleverly decoyed to the other end of the garden by Ramchandra, who knew the old man's weakness for shady spots where he could chew betel unseen for awhile.

Seeing the coast was clear, Devaki made a bee-line for the ancient banyan

tree, whose hollow trunk formed the children's treasure-trove; in another three minutes the jewel box was safely stowed away inside the tree-trunk, where, in the gloomy, cobwebbed interior, it was difficult if not almost impossible to see it; but Devaki, who was nothing if not thorough, completely buried it with the dead leaves that surrounded it; then, her task completed, she picked up the empty tiffin-basket, and re-entered the bungalow even more stealthily than she had left it.

The rest of that eventful day passed in much the same way as its predecessors had, except for the fact that breakfast was not so jolly as Damayanti's jokes always made it; even school went on as usual, and I am sorry to add that no twinge of conscience disturbed the young conspirator who went as calmly through her lessons as if nothing had happened: such, alas! was often the case!

... ...

In the evening, after dinner, mother and daughter returned to find the house unnaturally quiet, the children being in bed and Dr. Santhiappa alone in the drawing-room reading the paper.

The three retired to bed earlier than usual, and it was only when Damayanti found her room locked on the inside that she thought something was wrong. However, she soon dismissed the thought, with a laughing comment on her sister's stupidity.

"Never mind," she said to herself, "it'll serve her right for being such a donkey, if my going through her room wakes her up;" so saying, she went to the other door, and entered Devaki's apartment, where her sister lay asleep.

"The sleeping beauty," chuckled the elder girl, as she eyed the other. and indeed, her sarcasm was not all satire, for Devaki's face was certainly attractive, if impish, though this trait rather added to its good points.

Passing through it, Damayanti reached her own room and began her disrobing by first taking off her lovely emerald necklace, with an impatient "'Can't be bothered to lock it up to-night; let who will take it;" at the same time thrusting it into the nearest drawer. Ten minutes later, she fell, half-asleep, into bed, and the whole house was quiet.

CHAPTER III

Tuesday morning dawned with an even greater brightness than Monday, and the early mists that slowly vanished before the rising sun showed promise of stifling heat to come.

Devaki, always one of the first to rise, soon yawned herself awake, and then lay in bed for awhile, lazily contemplating the early morning sunbeams that splashed her sheet with gold as they fell across her knees through the open window. Then, as her waking mind recalled the events of the day before, she gave vent to a low chuckle, which broke out into the little silvery tinkling noise of a laugh deep down in her throat, as she sprang out of bed, because she did not wish to awaken her sister yet by her usual merry laugh.

Quickly she dressed and washed herself, revelling in the cool water as it splashed over her body, for she always had an early morning bath, in holiday, as well as school-time.

She had just finished brushing and plaiting her luxuriant mane of thick, wavy hair, when the door opened to admit the tousled head of her sister, who was half-dressed and still half asleep.

"Devi," began she in an agitated voice that made that young lady pause in her bed-making and look up; "Devi child, my jewel box—I can't find it—it's *gone*—positively!"

"Rubbish!" replied Devaki calmly, as she turned up the end of her mattress; "how can you find anything with your eyes half-full of sleep?"

"You're right," answered Damayanti; "I'll finish dressing and then have a good look: it must be at the back of the drawer

under my handkerchiefs," and she left the room.

Devaki went downstairs and out into the garden, where she began gathering flowers for her sister and mother, who usually wore them, strung together, in their hair.

Ramchandra strolled up to his sister and stood, unseen, behind her, contemplating nothing in particular for awhile; then he signalled his presence by a sharp '*Psst*', which evoked an answering sound.

Fifteen minutes later, the whole family was at Chota, and it could be seen from Damayanti's face that something was wrong; she did not keep them in suspense long.

"Father! mother!" she began, in an agitated voice that at once commanded their attention:

"My jewel-box has—completely disappeared!"

For an instant there was a dumbfounded silence; then Dr. Santhiappa said calmly, "Nonsense! daughter, you have the key itself under lock and key, and unless that drawer has been forced open nobody can have taken it."

"But," faltered his elder girl, "although the lock is untouched—the box is't there."

"Well, well,' broke in her mother at this point, "let's leave it till after breakfast and then have a good look; a big casket like that cannot vanish easily.

The rest of the meal was a miserable one to Damayanti, who ate her food in silence; however, Mrs. Santi enlivened it by an account of their stay at their friend's house, and then after Chota mother and daughter went to the latter's bedroom, while Dr. Santhi went to his college, taking and leaving his four younger children at school.

Meanwhile, the most thorough search and enquiry were being held at home, but to no avail; no trace of the missing box or its precious contents came to light, and both Damayanti and her parent were distracted, till the latter, after discussing its probable whereabouts for the twentieth time, exclaimed suddenly; "Why worry about it any longer, child? We'll go to the Insurance Company and get double its value, and out of that money we'll offer a reward for its discovery."

So that afternoon Damayanti went to the Company with her mother, and claimed her money, but was told she could only have it in four days' time, that is, on the first of the next month. She had to be satisfied with this, and certainly she went home in a much happier frame of mind.

That afternoon, at tea-time, this bit of news was broken to the rest of the family, children included; no one said anything, only Devaki started racking her brains to think of a way by which the jewel-box could be restored by that date, and for once she was in a difficulty, not knowing how she could conveniently get her sister out of the way on the night of the 31st of March, but at last she resolved, in her sensible manner, to tell Damayanti, by an 'anonymous' note, that is, an unsigned epistle, the box's whereabouts, if the opportunity did not occur to allow of its being replaced.

However, events favoured our young heroine, for on that particular evening Damayanti was invited out to dinner, with her mother, to a friend's bungalow. Directly they had left, and Dr. Santhi had retired to his study, as was his habit before supper, Devaki, after putting her brothers on sentry duty, took the tiffin basket out with her into the already dark compound, and groped her way to the banyan tree, for she did not dare to take a torch, for fear of attracting notice: she soon found the box, and succeeded in depositing it safely in her sister's drawer again; then an irresistible desire to reveal the 'thief' seized her, and so she printed in large letters on a scrap of paper the following words:—

April 1st., Damayanti darling,
Yours sincerely,
Devaki.

placing the note on top of the jewel-box, to which she stuck it with a piece of stamp-paper.

Next morning, waking early, Damayanti, hardly knowing why, opened what she thought was an empty drawer, and then nearly fell back with surprise when she caught sight of her precious jewel-box; then her eyes fell on the note and she read it with a good-humoured chuckle as she perceived how cleverly she had been 'caught.'

" Well done, Devaki old girl, she murmured softly, adding almost aloud, " but you just wait, till I get you."

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2. *THE MONKEY*

A little monkey once was seen,
Dressed in a suit of red and green;
He rode upon a pretty goat,
And he had buttons on his coat.

He did his best at many a trick,
Jumped up and down and o'er a stick;
He danced and showed his teeth and played;
Much money by his help was made.

But he was often very sad,
And nothing much could make him glad;
Oh, how he longed to run away
And hide in forests all the day!

When he was young he had been free,
His mother's greatest care was he;
But she had died, and he became
A creature mild for man to tame.

—*K. S.*

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3. *RAG DOLLIES FOR THE TODDLERS*

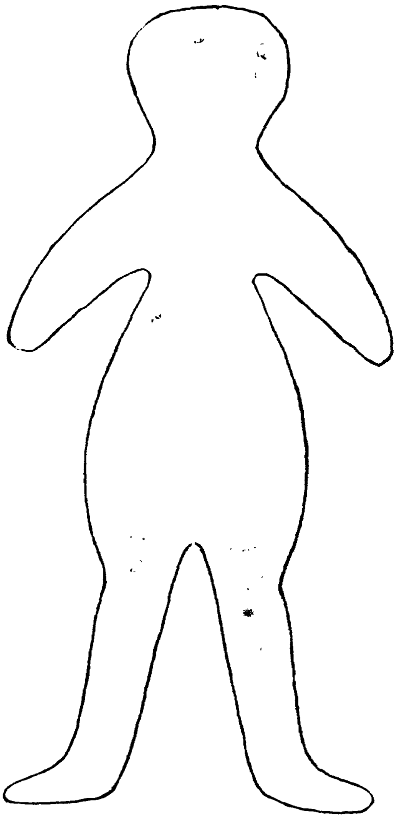
By *Delmore*

Most little girls love a dolly, but what distress arises when the treasure has the misfortune to lose a limb.

There are many kinds of unbreakable dolls on the market nowadays, but you can make at home, quite cheaply and easily, a baby that cannot be broken.

A rag doll of course, you will say at once. Well, there are rag dolls, and rag dolls, but this particular kind has a fascination all its own, at any rate it is worth trying. I have made many and find they never fail to please the *Tinies*.

First draw a simple outline on paper, similar to the sketch below, of a size to suit



the little one; cut this out and place on a piece of any strong white material folded double.

Now pencil round it, and after, back-stitch closely and firmly on the pencil line, leaving the top of the head unstitched; if you have a sewing machine, you can finish this part quickly.

With a sharp pair of scissors, cut carefully all round the stitching, taking care to keep the same distance, and as close as you can.

Do not use material that frays easily, I always find plain Drill or Casement cloth very successful.

The work must now be turned inside out, though you can of course leave it as it

is, but your dolly will have a neater appearance if you take this little extra trouble, and the turning is quite easy to manage.

Now for the filling. *Kapok* or cotton, which can be bought cheaply in the Bazaars is the best to use.

Fill the legs first, take a very small quantity at a time and press in firmly; use a piece of stick, or better still a long knitting pin for this part of the work, to ensure nice firm limbs and body. The head is the last to be stuffed, and, when you have put in as much as you think sufficient, stitch the gap neatly.

Draw the eyes, nose and mouth in Indian ink, and brush a little colour on the cheeks. A plait made from a few strands of thick black or yellow wool, makes realistic hair, and, when dressed in a bright cotton frock and a bonnet, you have a very acceptable gift for a tiny Toddler.

MISS RANJANI VIJAYARAGHAVAN who attracted much attention in the International Exhibition of Arts, held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., Madras.

PHOTO: EMPIRE PRESS

Household Hints

The Home beautiful

[*Annette* intends to contribute to us, starting from this month, a series of articles on this important subject. I am sure we shall appreciate them. Let us read now how to introduce personality into our homes. *Ed. I. L. M.*]

Creating an atmosphere

There is nothing more disconcerting than a house without character—a house where the furniture has been chosen haphazard and the decorations selected without any care being bestowed on a particular plan or design. A household manual says that "the atmosphere we seek responds more readily to an understanding or instinctive touch than to opulent or laboured methods. Therein lies its incomparable fascination."

How are we going to arrange this very lovely house of ours which we are just building in India? Is it going to be Oriental or English, modern or old-fashioned? Is each room going to have a different atmosphere, or the whole house the same character? That, of course, is to be your own choice; but to mention but a few ideas, there are many schemes you can chose from.

The Furnishing : You can make your house, or a room in it, Moghul. Study the Moghul peried, and furnish accordingly, or you can get a modern Indian artist to design your furniture according to *Indian* patterns. There was a lady who had a number of most beautiful pictures. She wanted these to be shown in her house; but they were far too many to be put up on walls. At the same-time, they were far too good to be shoved away in albums. So she conceived an idea—She asked a great Indian artist to design her lovely stands with rotating frames all round an axlè—and when I went to see her famous abode, I was so surprised and pleased to see these stands. It was a real pleasure to

examine these pictures, all so handy to look at. The stands were like big books, except that they were open on all sides—and one only had to stand and turn the pages, and move round the axle. I could have spent hours looking at those pictures—so easy and comfortable were they to look at and so beautiful the pictures.

But I digress. You can, if you like, make your house typical modern Eastern—which is a mixture of the best of European and Indian styles of to-day—or you can make it completely modern European—and reproduce that "surgical" atmosphere, which is so easily got with chromium and glass-topped investments. Then again, you can make the furnishing completely old-world European, (that is, if you have enough money to buy real antiques) and reproduce a seventeenth century touch by having William and Mary Walnut, or go in for Tudor or early Stuart. Carved mahogany things are also invaluable and most beautiful. Indeed—one can furnish one's house in so many styles—that it will take up pages if I was to elaborate them any more.

Collections: If you wish to collect antiques, don't buy fakes. Buy the genuine stuff or none at all. A fake always produces the same effect as artificial flowers. I can never forget the shock I got one day when I entered the flat of a lady, who was well-known for her great culture and taste. Her sitting room was lovely. A huge colourful well-lighted master-piece of a room; but, hitting one straight in the eyes was a colossal bowl of artificial flowers. Alas—what a disappointment it was to me to see this great bot in an otherwise perfect room!

"The History of Safety Matches"

By Dina K. Sahiar

A box of matches is such an ordinary thing that few people trouble to enquire into its origin; and yet, like other familiar things of everyday use, it has a very interesting history, and has to pass through very many hands before it finds its way into ours.

It is to a chemist of Stockton, (England), John Walker by name, that we owe the invention of matches in common use to-day. Phosphorus was first used in the manufacture of matches in 1833. It was a great improvement upon the old method of merely scratching flint and steel on a rough surface to get a light. However, there was one great disadvantage, as phosphorus caused a terrible disease in the jaw-bones of the match-makers. A Viennese chemist protected the unfortunate workers from the danger of this disease, when in 1845,he found that there exists a different variety of phosphorus which is dark red and opaque, whereas ordinary phosphorus is yellow. By heating the ordinary variety in a closed vessel up to a high temperature, and then allowing it to cool, this red phosphorus is prepared.

In making our safety matches, red phosphorus is spread on the strip of the box, and the tip of the match has merely some sand and chlorate of potash upon it. When the match is rubbed along the surface prepared for it, the phosphorus and chlorate are roughly rubbed together by the sand. This friction causes heat, and the heat makes the red phosphorus on the box ignite. It also causes the chlorate of potash to give up the oxygen that is in it, and as oxygen helps burning the wood is ignited.

In factories, the wood for safety matches is sliced up into splints by cleverly-built machinery. These are cut double the length of the match, so that after being dried they can be bound in bundles and have each end quickly dipped in the igniting mixture. Finally, the bundles are sliced in half and

the loose matches are packed in the boxes we know so well.

We would be very surprised now if, when required to find something in the dark, we were given flint and steel with which to obtain a light. It was by this method, however, that our great grand-mothers had to kindle their fires. and light their lamps. Thanks to great inventors, we are better off now with our safety matches.

Cookery Notes

Macaroon Chocolate Pudding

1 tablespoon gelatin,	3 eggs, separated,
¼ cup cold milk,	1 teaspoon vanilla,
2 squares chocolate, melted,	8 stale macaroons, crumbled,
½ cup sugar,	¼ teaspoon salt.

Put gelatin, cold milk and chocolate in boiler and heat over boiling water, until chocolate in melted and gelatin dissolved. Stir the egg yolks and sugar together, add the chocolate mixture, add vanilla and cool. When slightly thickened, add stiffly beaten egg-whites and macaroons. Turn into sherbet cups or a large serving dish and decorate the top with whipped cream.

Apricot Cocoanut Fluff

2 cups cooked, dried apricots,	½ cup shredded cocoanut,
½ cup powdered sugar,	½ cup whipped cream.

Force apricots through sieve; add sugar and cocoanut and fold in whipped cream. Put in dessert glasses and sprinkle cocoanut on top.

Cinnamon Rolls

6 slices of bread,	6 tablespoons butter,
½ cup sugar,	Ground nuts,

2 tablespoons cinnamon.

Melt the butter and blend with cinnamon and sugar in a large frying pan, over a low flame. Place the bread slices (crusts neatly trimmed off) in the syrup and fry gently for a few minutes, first on one side and then on the other. Remove from frying pan, place a few ground nuts in the centre of each slice and roll. Pin together with a toothpick. These may be filled also with softened cream cheese and raisins for variation.

Peach Meringues

1 can peach-halves,	Chopped almonds,
2 egg-whites, beaten stiff,	4 tablespoons granulated sugar.
1 teaspoon vanilla,	

Drain the syrup from a can of peach-halves and cook down to about half the original amount. Flavour the syrup with vanilla and pour into a shallow baking dish, well-buttered. Arrange the peach-halves, hollow side up, in this syrup and fill with the meringue made by folding the sugar, a little at a time into beaten egg whites. Chopped almonds may also be folded into the meringue, although the dish is good without them. Place the baking dish in a very slow oven and bake until meringues are brown. This can be done while the main course of the dinner is being eaten. Serve with the syrup, hot or cold.

Fruity Apple Sauce Cup Cakes

½ cup butter,	1¾ cups flour;
½ cup brown sugar,	1¼ teaspoon baking powder,
½ cup granulated sugar,	¼ teaspoon baking soda,
2 eggs,	
¾ cup unsweetened apple sauce,	½ teaspoon salt,
	½ teaspoon cinnamon,
½ cup raisins,	½ teaspoon nutmeg.

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and cream together thoroughly. Add the eggs to this mixture one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Dredge the raisins lightly in flour so that they will not stick together. Add the apple sauce and raisins to the creamed mixture. Measure, mix and sift the dry ingredients and add to the other mixture. One cup finely-chopped nuts may be added if desired.

Divide the batter into twelve large size crinkle-paper baking cups. Bake in a moderately hot even and bake for 20 minutes. After the cakes have baked for 15 minutes, sprinkle the top of each cake with granulated sugar and gently press a whole raisin into the middle of each cake. Return to the oven for a final five minutes baking.

—From *The Parents' Magazine.*

Pear Souffle

INGREDIENTS:

1 large tin pears, ½ pint milk,
1 whole egg, 1 extra white,
1 gill cream, ⅜ oz. gelatine,
2 or 3 dessertspoonfuls sugar.

Drain the syrup from the pears, and rub the fruit through a sieve.

Separate the egg and make a custard with the milk and egg yolk, cooking it until the custard thickens. Then remove it from the heat and leave it to get cold. When it is cold, mix it with the pear puree, and add the sugar.

Whisk half of the cream, and stir it lightly into the mixture of custard and puree.

Soften the gelatine in half a gill of the pear syrup, heat it over a low burner, stirring until it is dissolved, and then strain it into the puree mixture. Leave this until it is beginning to thicken.

Whisk the egg-whites to a stiff froth and fold them lightly into the mixture.

Turn out the sweet into a souffle dish, and when it is set, whisk up the remainder of the cream and decorate the pear Souffle with it.

Pears Croutes

To make Pears Croutes, sponge cakes are fried in butter and topped with tinned pears that have had the juice drained from them.

Fry the sponge cakes lightly in a little hot butter. When they are brown on one side, turn them over and drain them. Then spread them with jam or jelly.

Top each cake with a drained halfpear, placing it with the "cup" side uppermost, and fill the hollow with some whipped cream, which has been sweetened and flavoured to taste. This sweet is served cold.

— From *Woman and Home.*

Needlework Notes

Nasturtiums, that remind us of the garden at its most colourful, are favourite flowers for cut-work.

On a duchesse-set, of a runner and three small mats, the embroidery can be either the same colour as the linen, or the flowers could be in nasturtium shades of red, flame and golden-yellow.

You will need: ½ *yard of green linen; 4 skeins of ANCHOR Stranded Cotton to match the linen, and 2 in deeper green, and Transfer No. 990.*

If you prefer coloured flowers, you will need: *1 skein of Stranded Cotton in each nasturtium colour chosen, and 2 skeins of each shade of green.*

The scalloped edge and the flowers are worked in the lighter shade of green. First outline the design with tiny running stitches, then buttonhole-stitch over evenly. (If colours are used for the flowers, work the borders in green to match the linen.) The leaves are in the deeper green.

The veins on the leaves, the markings on the flower-petals, and the tendrils are worked in stem-stitch.

Press the work well, then cut away the linen close up to the border and from behind the design.

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OUR TELUGU SECTION

స్త్రీలు—శాసనసభలు

వేదవతి

స్త్రీల హక్కులవిషయం తలపెట్టినప్పుడెల్ల దానిని మనసోదరులు ప్రక్కకు త్రోసివైచెడువారు—కొంతకాలమునకు పూర్వము. కాని 1917 లో జాయంటు సెలక్టుకమిటీలో స్త్రీల వోటింగు హక్కు విషయం చర్చించినపుడు దానిని, వారికి హిందూసాంప్రదాయములు తెలియనందున అప్పటి రాష్ట్రశాసనసభలవారే నిర్ణయింపవలెనని వదలివేసిరి. 1921 సం॥లో మదరాసు శాసనసభవారు స్త్రీ పురుష భేదము లేని వోటింగు హక్కు వుండవలెనని తీర్మానించిరి. కాని స్వల్పసంఖ్యాకులగు మహమ్మదీయ సోదరులు మాత్రము ప్రతిఘటించిరి. బొంబాయి రాష్ట్రములో 3 రోజులు చర్చజరిగిన పిమ్మట తీర్మానము వోటింగుకు పెట్టగా 27 మెజారిటీతో నెగ్గినది. బెంగాలులో మాత్రము మహమ్మదీయ సోదరులు ఏకగ్రీవముగా ప్రతిఘటించుట వలన 16 మైనారిటీతో యీతీర్మానము త్రోసివేయబడినది. 1925 సం॥లో మద్రాసు, బొంబాయి, అస్సాములతో బాటు బెంగాలుకూడా స్త్రీలకు వోటింగుహక్కు నిచ్చినది. సంయుక్త రాష్ట్రములు, పంజాబు, మధ్యపరగణాలు 1926 లో పైవాని ననుసరించినవి. 1927 లో ముడ్డిమాన్ కమిటీ (Muddiman Committee) వారు యీహక్కు నూతన సంస్కారములలో చేర్చేవరకు అమలులోనికి రాలేదు. మదరాసు, సి.పి., యు. పి., లవారు యీవిషయములో ముందంజవేసి స్త్రీలను శాసన సభ్యులుగ నియమించిరి. 1929 వరకు బీహారు ఒరిస్సాలవారు యీహక్కును స్త్రీలకివ్వలేదు. ఈవిషయంలో గవర్నమెంటువారు, శాసనసభా సభ్యులు, చేసినసహాయమునకు చాలకృతజ్ఞులము. దాని వలన స్త్రీలు సాంఘికముగా, ఆర్థికంగా, రాజకీయంగా తాము ఎందుకూ పనికిరారను భావము వారిలో నశించినది. వారికి నేడు దేశస్వాతంత్ర్య విషయములో పాటుబడుటకు, రాజకీయ విధానములో పాల్గొనుటకు స్థానముగలదు.

రాజకీయ విషయములలో స్త్రీలకు పురుషులతో సమానమైన హక్కులిద్దామనే యుద్దేశముతో ప్రస్తుత రాజకీయ నిబంధన, ఒకచట్టము తీర్మానించినది. స్త్రీలకు పురుషులవలెనే కాక యింకను చాల క్రొత్తమార్గములవల్లకూడ వోటింగు హక్కుపొందే విధానమును యీచట్టము చూపినది.

హిందూదేశములో వోటింగు హక్కు ఆస్థిమీద చెల్లించే పన్నునుబట్టి ఆధారపడియున్నది. ఉద్యోగాలు చేసేవారికి, ఆస్తిపరులకు, ఆదాయపు పన్ను చెల్లించేవారికి మాత్రమే వోటింగు హక్కుగలదు. కాని యిప్పటి నూతనరాజ్యాంగ విధానమును బట్టి చదువుకున్న ప్రతివ్యక్తికి వోటు వుండునట్లు నిర్ణయింపబడినది.

కాని యీవిధంగా చూస్తే చదువుకున్న స్త్రీవోటరుల సంఖ్య భారతదేశములో అతి స్వల్పము. మనదేశంలో స్త్రీలకు వారసత్వపు హక్కులేదు. అందుచేత వారిపేర ఆస్తిగల స్త్రీలు స్వల్పసంఖ్యాకులు. ఇక ఆదాయపుపన్ను చెల్లించెడువారు మిక్కిలి స్వల్పము. కనుక వీటినిబట్టి స్త్రీల వోటింగుహక్కు నిర్ణయించినచో 60,00,000 స్త్రీ వోటర్లలోను 20,00,000 మందికి కూడా సరిగా వోటుండదు. ఏవిధమైన పన్ను ప్రభుత్వానికి చెల్లించడము చేత

నైనా ఓటరైన ప్రతిపురుషునియొక్క భార్యకు ఓటుండాలని పై చట్టము నిర్ణయించింది. ఈవిధంగా స్త్రీల వోటింగు హక్కు యెక్కువ చేసిరి.

స్త్రీలకుకూడా వ్యక్తిస్వాతంత్ర్యమున్నది. వారికి ఓటుగల ఒక పెద్దమనిషియొక్క భార్యయని ఓటవసరములేదు. వారికి వ్యక్తిస్వాతంత్ర్యమున్నది. వారివ్యక్తిత్వాన్ని బట్టే వారికి వోటుండవలెను. భారత దేశంలో భారతీయ సాంప్రదాయాల ననుసరించి హిందూయువతి, యామెభర్తపై ఆర్థికంగా ఆధారపడి యుండవచ్చు. కాని ఆమెకు సాంఘికముగాను రాజకీయముగాను స్వాతంత్ర్యమున్నది. ఆమె తనవ్యక్తిత్వాన్ని పోగొట్టుకొనజాలదు. అనాదినుండివచ్చే భారతీయ సాంప్రదాయాలనుబట్టి ఆమెమీద కుటుంబము నంతను దిద్దుకొని వచ్చేబాధ్యతను, కుటుంబపోషణ ఆర్థిక సంరక్షణ మాత్రము భర్తపైనను ఉన్నవి. గనుక స్త్రీ పురుషునిపై ఆర్థికముగా నాధారపడి యుండవలసివచ్చినది. వారిద్దరు కుటుంబబాధ్యతలను, కష్టసుఖములతోబాటు పంచుకొను భాగస్వాములు. అంతేగాని స్త్రీ కేవలము పురుషునిపై నాధారపడియున్నదని చెప్పుటకు వీలులేదు. భారతీయకుటుంబములో స్త్రీ పురుషులిరువురు ఒకరిపై నొకరు ఆధారపడియున్నారు. గనుక ఒక వోటరుమహాశయునియొక్క భార్యయని స్త్రీలకు వోటవసరములేదు. నేను ముఖ్యముగ కోరేదేమిటంటే 18 ఏండ్లుపైబడ్డ ప్రతి స్త్రీకి ముఖ్యముగా వోటింగు హక్కుండవలెనని. మనమందరము యీవిధముగా ప్రతిస్త్రీకి వోటుండునట్లు ప్రభుత్వముతో పోరాడి వచ్చేయెన్నికలకైనను యీహక్కుమీద వోటుసంపాదించాలి.

భారతదేశజనాభా లెక్కలనుబట్టి స్త్రీల సంఖ్య పురుషుల సంఖ్యకన్న అధికముగానున్నట్లు కనబడుచున్నది. కాని స్త్రీ వోటర్ల సంఖ్యచూస్తే పురుషవోటర్ల సంఖ్యలో ఎన్నవవంతో. ఇక శాసనసభలలో స్త్రీల కొరకు ప్రత్యేకముగా నియమించిన స్థానములు చూస్తే మరీస్వల్పము. అది యీక్రింద జాబితాను బట్టి స్పష్టమగుచున్నది.

శాసనసభలో	స్థానములు	స్త్రీలకు
మద్రాసు	215	8
బొంబాయి	175	6
బెంగాలు	250	5
యు. పి.	228	6
పంజాబు	175	4
బీహారు	152	4
సి. పి.	112	3
అస్సాము	108	1
సింధు	60	2

ఈవిధంగా కొద్ది ప్రత్యేకస్థానములు మనకవసరములేదు. మనకుకూడా పురుషులతోబాటు శాసనసభలలో సమానంగా స్థానములుండవలెను. భారత స్వాతంత్ర్యముకొరకు మనముకూడా పురుషులకు తీసిపోకుండా పాటుపడుచున్నాము. మనమంతా భావిభారతీయుల తల్లులముగనుక భారత స్వాతంత్ర్య నాగరికతలు మనపై నాధారపడియున్నవి. కావున మనల నీరీతిని మనసోదరులు త్రోసిపుచ్చుటగాంచి సహించుటెట్లు? గనుక రాబోవు యెన్నికలసమయమునకైనను ఏకగ్రీవముగా పోరాడి పురుషులతోబాటు ప్రతిస్త్రీకి వోటింగుహక్కును, శాసనసభలలో సరిసమానంగా స్థానాలున్నూ తెచ్చుకొనవలెను.

ఈ పై రెండు విషయములలో మన సోదరీమణులంతా భిన్నాభిప్రాయములు లేకుండా పని చేస్తారని నమ్ముచున్నాను.

THE
INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE
Vol. X No. 3

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THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

(PUBLISHED ONCE IN TWO MONTHS)

Editor: Mrs. K. Satthianadhan, M.A.

THE Indian Ladies' Magazine was started in 1901, discontinued in 1918 and republished in 1927. It is the main purpose of the *Magazine* to help forward the cause of women's education in India, partly by representing and interpreting the inner life of Indian womanhood as a whole; partly by making itself a mouthpiece for the aspirations of the educated section, in whom our chief hope lies ; partly by bringing forward the example of the social, literary and philanthropic work of women of the West ; and partly by holding up the ancient ideals of Indian womanhood, which are true and generous enough to be applied in many instances to modern life. It is hoped, therefore, that the I. L. M. will prove a bond of union, not only among the different sections of the women of India, but also between the men and women of India, and between Indian women and their foreign sisters.

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